BRITANNIA and EVE

APRIL
1945

DAY RUSSELL
NEGLEY FARSON

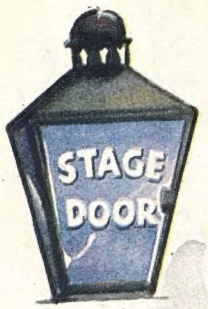
ALLAN SWINTON
JANE GORDON

F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

ENTRANCES AND EXITS



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GARLAND

Balanced Walking Shoes

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 30, No. 4 APRIL, 1945

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

Teach children

KERB DRILL

See that they always do it and set a good example by doing it yourself.

△

1. *At the Kerb* **HALT**
2. **EYES RIGHT**
3. **EYES LEFT**
4. **EYES RIGHT AGAIN**
   then if the road is clear
5. **QUICK MARCH**
   Don't rush
   Cross in an orderly manner

6

"Knit Tight" is a good rule to follow when using Emu, because Emu Wool *can't* shrink. Loose knitting may stretch slightly after the first wash, so, if you are a very loose knitter, you should either allow for this in size, or make a point of knitting tighter than usual.

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What is wrong with this picture?

Give yourself full marks if you've discovered all these mistakes in less than 30 seconds. For a start, hasn't the mirror changed madam's outfit—and the position of powder box and puff? Where's the reflection of that vase of flowers in the mirror and where's the handle to the open dressing table drawer? Anything else wrong? Of course, she couldn't possibly have Caley FORTUNE chocolates these days. They can't be made now, not until Caleys have a factory again after the war. Caley Chocolate Blocks though *are* still available.

Today even Caley Chocolate blocks are made for us by good friends in the trade. Our thanks to them for their help until we can make FORTUNE *and other Caley favourites for ourselves again.*

CALEY
CHOCOLATE

Even today have your Curtains Gay

If your curtains are fitted with "Rufflette" tape you have probably already taken them down, slipped out the rings or hooks, washed them and put them up again the same day. It's so easy, isn't it?

But if your curtains are not fitted the "Rufflette" way, you may well have demurred at the job of unpicking all those sewn on rings or hooks, washing the curtains, repleating them and sewing all the rings and hooks on again—it's quite a job. Now here's a tip. Take down the curtains and take off the sewn on rings or hooks, wash or clean the curtains and sew on "Rufflette" tape, slip in the "Rufflette" rings or hooks, pull the two running cords (that does the pleating for you) and your curtains are gay again. And "Rufflette" tape costs only a few pence per yard and no coupons.

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IN THE SPRING...

...the housewife's fancy...

lightly turns to thoughts of . . . well, perhaps "furbishing-up" expresses the mood in tune with Nature's time of renewal. Here is a kind of little Spring Scrapbook, in which you will find something to fit one or more of your Springtime urges!

Cooking at "Spring-cleaning" time

FOR YOURSELF: It may be only sandwiches and a cup of tea; but all the same, see that your mid-day "snack" contains proper nourishment to keep you going. Something body-building, something health-protecting, and the rest can look after itself. For the first item; sandwich fillings of scrambled dried egg, mashed sardine or pilchard, cheese or meat. For the second, shredded cabbage or other greens added to the filling, are most refreshing and appetising, and you have your important "something green and raw."

FOR THE EVENING MEAL: The family will appreciate the fact that you've been able to provide a good hot meal despite your extra work. Your best plan is to provide an oven meal. Put it into a slow oven for about three hours before dishing up and it will look after itself. Here's one suggestion: A casserole of any meat and root vegetables, with peeled and quartered potatoes added about 1 to 1½ hours before serving, a milk pudding, and if you have them to spare, prunes or figs casseroled in just a little water. For the something green that should never be forgotten with any main meal? A helping of raw green salad, or some watercress is delicious with the meat dish.

NEW TRIMMINGS FOR SALADS

You can give a lot of variety to salads by trimming them up with novel dressings. Mint sauce is a delightful one. Your bottled tomatoes can be pulped, strained from pips, thinned with vinegar and seasoned. Spiced vinegar from some of your home-made pickles, or a dash of your favourite piquant sauce gives quite a new flavour to a standard dressing.

Some Easter Notions

MARMALADE EASTER SPONGE: *2 oz. margarine, 4 level tablespoons marmalade (4 oz.), 1 dried egg, reconstituted, 6 oz. flour, 2 level teaspoons baking powder, pinch of salt, milk and water to mix, soya marzipan paste (recipe below).* Cream margarine and marmalade. Beat in egg. Mix flour, baking powder and salt, add to creamed mixture with enough milk and water to make stiff dropping consistency. Turn into greased sandwich tin, spread evenly, bake in moderate oven for 30-35 minutes. When cold, spread a little marmalade on top, make a thin border of soya marzipan paste (*see recipe below*), round the edges. Rough with fork and sprinkle with cocoa or grated chocolate. Mould some tiny eggs with the remaining paste and place them in little groups on top of the cake.

BIRD'S NEST TARTLETS. Make pastry-tart cases in the usual way, and when cold, fill with little eggs moulded from soya marzipan paste. Some may be plain, some rolled in cocoa.

SOYA MARZIPAN PASTE. Melt 2 oz. margarine with 2 tablespoons water in a saucepan. Take off heat, stir in about 1 to 2 teaspoons almond flavouring, 4 oz. sugar, 4 oz. soya flour. Turn out, knead well, and shape as you please. (S117)

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Tightly-laced, helplessly lovely, the ladies of the 1840's had to be carried ashore from a trip on the 'Skylark.' But to-day's little Wrens walk cat-like along the quarter-boom and swarm unaided down a swaying rope ladder. Yet some things never change. The 1840 charmer, who knew that a carelessly displayed ankle or the flash of a frill could make a man's heart beat faster, also knew that she needed Atkinsons exquisite Eau de Cologne to complete her charm; and Atkinsons is still the choice of the pretty Wren when she changes her slacks for the soft swish of an off-duty skirt. But nowadays the last few drops of Atkinsons must be treasured, for manufacture of this enchanting essence has ceased until after the war. We're just as sorry as you are.

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Thursday's child has far to go
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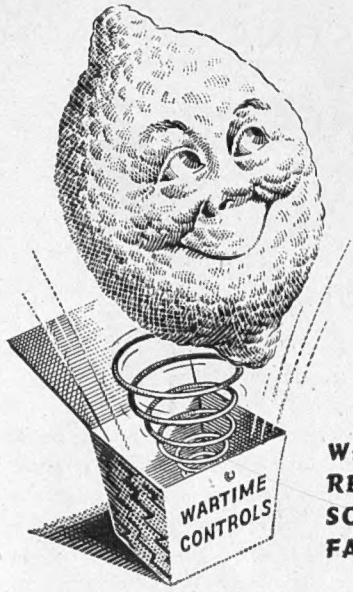

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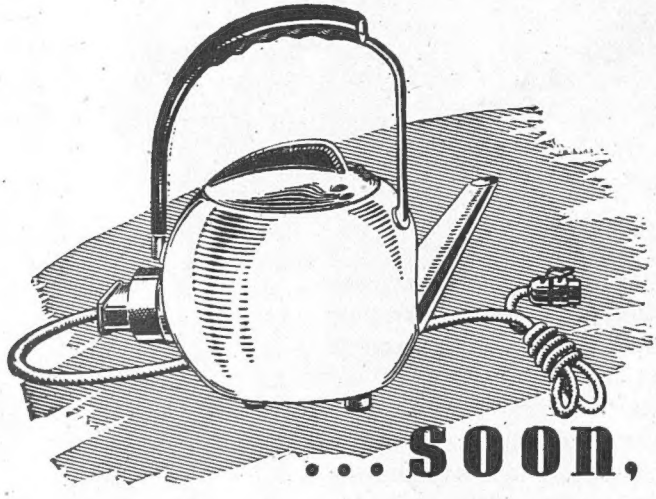

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Britannia and Eve
APRIL 1945

"My dear Valerie, I've come three thousand miles to see you, not your damned landlord's floor."

No Frontiers To Love

An Anglo-American Romance

By Day Russell

VALERIE LECLAIR was lying in her bath when the door-bell rang. She ignored it and lay while the steamy air was heavy with the scent of honeysuckle; while the benison of hot water soothed an undoubtedly attractive body. The pleasant warmth was wafting away the weariness of an exacting day in a New York office—an exacting day because Valerie was still in the early stages of adjustment after her service in the Waves, which had included two years in London. A faint glow, composed of equal parts of relaxation, bath-salts and hot water, pleased her as she admired her satin-smooth skin. She could not see what would have pleased her just as much, a richer glow on the cheeks below the piled chestnut hair, the relaxed sparkle in the honey-brown eyes. Such was the effect of a warm bath on the legacy of health she had inherited from her service in the Navy—the door-bell purred again—and she was not going to disturb the exquisite pleasure of it for any door-bell.

She had to think what she was going to wear for the evening. It had to be her best, because she had been drafted to dine with one of the office clients who had descended upon them from the Middle West at short notice. It was a pity he was not younger and flatter around the middle, but on a wet evening any would be better than one's own company.

The door-bell purred again.

It was too early for her escort and it was undoubtedly the boy from the store. She had telephoned earlier to get some items for breakfast delivered before she went out, and now her foresight was back-firing. Worse still, the boy would not leave the things outside the door without being paid. The bell rang again. It was not like the boy from the store to ring more than three times. She stood up in her bath, flicked the wetter wetness with a large bath-towel and wrapped herself in a green silk négligé. Slipping her feet into mules, she crossed the tiny living-room, took a note from her bag and opened the front-door a fraction more than half an inch. She shut it just as quickly, opened it again not more than an inch, and exclaimed with a gasp: "John!"

She shut the door again, but not quickly enough, because, swift as her action was, his was faster and his umbrella—the inevitable umbrella of an Englishman—had pierced the crack.

"You can't come in," gasped Valerie. "I'm alone and——"

His face was near the open crack of the door.

"One of your naval fellows in London told me this was the way salesmen breached the defences of the housewives of America. I think an umbrella is much more effective than the toe, though, don't you?"

"You fool, John. Take it out."

"Nonsense. After flying three thousand miles to see you?"

Valerie looked at the umbrella and realised its civilian implications. "You're out of the Navy?"

"They didn't think my frozen toes would be much of an asset to them against the Japs."

"But . . . what are you doing here?"

"I'm to be the New York representative of Combined Cottons, but I refuse to carry on a conversation under such undignified conditions."

"You can't come in."

"You can't shut me out."

"But I'm practically in my bath."

There was a slight smile behind the door. "My grandmother once told me never to marry a girl until I'd seen her before breakfast. This is practically the same——"

"Now, John, don't start that all over again. We had it out in London—besides, I look awful."

"That's just how I want to see you."

"I won't let you in."

"I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow myself in."

She laughed and, laughing, relaxed her pressure on the door. Before she could exert it again he was inside, shutting the door behind him.

"You know, this kind of thing isn't my line at all. . . ." He was apologising. Her eyes took in his face, the same sunburned, clear-cut face, like his clothes, unmistakably English in some way that defeated words. "One of your naval blokes gave me a course in Anglo-American relations——" As she looked at him there came again that flutter at the throat, that faint tremor in the limbs, but this time she was going to be quite firm about it and control herself from the beginning. "I asked him how one swept an American girl off her feet, and he assured me that the approach direct was the only way——" She was staring at his face and there was something in it like her warm bath after a wet and tiring

Valerie Leclair.

day, something that relaxed all the tiredness inside her—"So here I am, coming in on the beam, as it were."

For a moment she thought he might try to kiss her, but apparently he had not grasped the real meaning of the expression, and she was relieved to find he was merely gazing at her with undiluted admiration.

"This is my very first night in New York," he went on. "Remember all those rhapsodies about American food in London? I want to sample some of it."

Then Valerie gasped again, and said: "Oh!" as if in pain.

A sudden concern crossed his face.

Valerie pointed at his umbrella.

It was dripping on the floor she had, with her own labour, polished so carefully only last week-end.

He looked at it quickly. "Sorry; stupid of me." He put it on the little mat by the door.

"Look!" pointed Valerie again.

He looked down at his feet, bewildered by her new concern. "Lost something?"

"Your shoes!"

"Not bad, are they?"

"No, no. My floor!"

"But I wiped them."

"But the leather is wet and they 'll ruin my floor."

"Damn your floor. I 'm not going to take my shoes off like a Jap for you or anybody else."

"Don't you ever think of wearing rubbers?"

"Rubbers! . . . . Oh, galoshes?"

"Yes, rubbers!"

"Galoshes! No, why?"

Valerie pulled her négligé around her. "Because, John, we American girls have to polish our own floors."

"But my dear Valerie, I 've come three thousand miles to see you, not your damned landlord's floor."

"Don't my-dear-Valerie me, in that superior way."

John smiled, and his voice was soothing. "Run along. Finish that bath, get some clothes on, and we 'll go out and gnaw a bone and chew the fat both at the same time."

Valerie took another glance at the mirror, and was so pleased with what she glimpsed that she regretted the mid-West executive. "But John, I 'm terribly sorry, I 've got to dine with one of the office clients to-night."

John didn't seem to take this seriously. "Simple. Let him join us and then we 'll drop him off to bed at his hotel."

"But John, he—he 's an important client."

John was suddenly suspicious. "You are not emotionally entangled with him?"

"Purely business."

"Never mix business with pleasure!"

Valerie smiled at his English innocence. "You *do* make things difficult. There 's nothing I 'd love better than to have dinner with you. . . ."

She retired to her bedroom to carry on the conversation through the door while she dressed.

"By the way," his voice announced casually. "I 'm still in love with you. I just couldn't get it out of my system."

"We argued the whole thing out very thoroughly on that last night in London."

"But one can't argue oneself out of love. I was merely stating a matter of fact."

"John, I think you are one of the nicest men I ever met. But you are English, I 'm American. We can love one another three thousand miles apart, but no White Cliffs of Dover for me. We did agree on that, didn't we?"

"Only because I thought I was bound for Japan and I wanted to leave you free, but when I saw you just now, in that green thing, with your hair piled up, you knocked me all of a heap again, making me forget that we had decided to keep things strictly platonic."

"Go on," said Valerie, choosing her underwear with the greatest of care, so that she would feel as well as look her very best. "Go on, tell me more. I love it."

"Well, I decided to have another crack at it. Frankly, I was a bit scared. . . ."

"Grandmother's influence, no doubt."

"Yes; she said grandfather hadn't the slightest idea of what he was getting, the goods were packaged up so tightly in whalebone corsets and wrapped in so many petticoats and long skirts . . ." He hesitated.

"Go on."

"And she said that at least nowadays a man can see the legs . . ."

"Quite a lady, your grandmother."

"But, she said, one had to be very wary of these American girls."

"Why?"

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

Mr. Pellew, red in the face from the exercise, straightened up. Introductions were effected and John's presence explained.

"She said they were so damned clever at packaging the goods that you could never really tell what you had got till you opened the packet."

"And this is what you call opening the packet, crashing girls in their baths?"

"Well, hardly . . . the bath was entirely unforeseen."

Valerie was drawing on a pair of nylon stockings.

"You see, John, it is useless. It is nice to see you again, nice to know you, but as for living my life with you, it is completely out of the question. You don't seem to realise that an American girl's appearance, the package as you call it, is her own declaration of independence, her own bill of rights, her own American challenge to life that only the best is good enough."

A soft laugh came from the other room.

"Scratch a Yank and out comes a sermon on democracy. I have the greatest respect and admiration for the American girl's appearance; in fact, I am completely overwhelmed by one in particular, and I love it, but I don't want to live with an appearance. I want to marry a person—that is, the goods inside the package."

Valerie was putting the finishing touches before her glass to the appearance which was most important at the moment.

"Please, John! We argued the whole thing out in London, and we quite agreed that while we liked one another tremendously, marriage was out of the question. We just don't speak the same language."

Valerie emerged from her room, a carefully considered picture from top to toe.

"The language of love has no frontiers," he said, and stopped as he saw her. It was obvious that his eyes could not leave her. Slightly embarrassed, she looked at the marks his damp soles had left on her polished floor.

"Don't Englishmen ever wear rubbers?"

"No, we use 'em when we are small boys to rub out pencil-marks."

"Erasers, you mean."

"Rubbers! And what you call rubbers we call galoshes."

"You see, we just don't speak the same language."

At that moment the door-bell rang again, and this time it was the boy with the items for next morning's breakfast. John handled the situation, took the parcel, paid the boy, and was about to shoo him away, to resume his attack on Valerie's affections, when a large figure loomed behind.

"No. 29?" The voice was large and confident, like its owner, who was already checking a little slip in his hand on seeing that there was a man already in possession.

Valerie held out her hands to the newcomer.

"Mr. Pellew! I'm so glad you found the place without any trouble. Please come in."

"Thanks." Then Mr. Pellew bent down—no easy feat with his waist-line—and removed his rubbers, with sundry grunts, and left them on the mat. While he did so Valerie's eyes pointed the example to John, and John's eyebrows rose politely in acknowledgment of the lesson.

Mr. Pellew, red in the face from the exercise, straightened up; introductions were effected and John's presence explained.

"So you're in cottons, eh?"

"Oh, no," said John. "Wool."

Valerie intervened quickly. "He means your business, John, not your clothes. Now, where shall we go? I hope you won't mind, Mr. Pellew, if Mr. Hamilton joins us?"

"It's a pleasure," said Mr. Pellew, lying with good grace. As far as he was concerned, he had anticipated an evening of middle-aged dalliance with a very charming girl, but having already, with quick shrewdness, written that off as a bad loss, he was prepared to revise his plans and get the most out of the evening and his company.

"I had the hostess at my hotel reserve me a table for two at a little Eyetalian place on Fifty-third. I guess we could telephone to make it three. Or maybe——" he turned to John. "They tell me there's an Old English Steak House on Fourth."

A faintly puzzled expression crossed John's eyes. "Excuse me if I'm slightly dazed. I spent a couple of years listening to your fellows overseas talking about nothing but getting back where they could taste some good American food. Now I'm here everybody talks about Italian and English and Chinese and Rumanian and Russian places to eat. My hotel gave me a list of a dozen places, and there's not one American place among 'em. Isn't there some place called Schrafft's?"

Valerie smiled indulgently. She laid her hand on Mr. Pellew's arm. "He's just come from England. He doesn't understand us yet." Her eyes were mocking John. "We'll go to the Italian place and they can make a third place."

Mr. Pellew was flattered.

Valerie smiled sweetly at John. She had side-stepped that subtly domineering attitude of his. "Just a moment," she said. "I 'll get my rubbers."

John watched her sit down to put them on, but Mr. Pellew was down on his knees taking them from her hand and fitting them gently to her shoes. Valerie looked up at John with triumph in her eyes, while John blinked with mock amazement.

"You have a lot to learn, Mr. Hamilton," said Valerie after the stout Mr. Pellew had grunted to his feet and was grunting his own rubbers on outside the door.

"I have already learnt much," said John. "Once upon a time I thought rubbers—galoshes, I mean—were a simple device to keep water from penetrating the soles of inferior shoes. I now know they are one of innumerable devices for subtly enslaving the American male to the female and subordinating him to the floors of America's women."

Valerie drew her gloves on. "You are learning fast, Mr. Hamilton." She smiled at him with an air of undiluted affection.

DINNER was a success. The place was small and unbelievably crowded. Mr. Pellew, reconciled to three having to be company, treated Valerie with an exaggerated respect, while he turned to getting what he could out of John, asking shrewd questions about his business, what he expected to do, what experience he had for doing it. In between, he managed to use a dry humour that by the time coffee came had the three of them enjoying themselves as much as three could reasonably expect to do. But under the influence of several rye-and-waters, Mr. Pellew was beginning to tell them more and more about the splendours of his native city and what the local Chamber of Commerce planned to do in the post-war period. John saw a note of appeal in Valerie's eyes and gathered that while the subject was new to him, it was not of overwhelming interest to her. So he bent his efforts to steering the conversation to more immediate lines.

"Tell me, Sir," he began with English politeness, "what is your opinion of mixed marriages?"

"Waal," said Mr. Pellew, preparing to launch himself into a long lecture, "personally, I say an American should marry an American."

Valerie nodded to John, and John acknowledged her nod.

"But," continued Mr. Pellew, "where I come from there 's Irish, Swedes, Dutchmen and there 's Poles, and they 're all mixed up now so you wouldn't know the difference."

John looked at Valerie and Valerie looked through John. Mr. Pellew saw an opportunity, in his expansive mood, to pay a compliment to his company.

"After all, one of the greatest men of our time, Winston Churchill, had an American mother."

John leaned over to Valerie. "And an English father. Have you ever thought what an opportunity you might be missing?"

Valerie looked at John long enough to imply that parentage had included a brilliant father.

"No White Cliffs of Dover for me," murmured Valerie. She rose to excuse herself and leave the two men alone while she retired to repair her make-up to stand the scrutiny of other women for the balance of the evening.

She had need to be calm, to collect her thoughts; all the old ache was returning; the ache that had stayed with her after that last meeting in London. They had decided that their (*Continued on page* 51)

Valerie's eyes narrowed. "John Hamilton, you can't fool me. This is British diplomacy in its double-faced play."

Post War... *What Will Be Our Way of Life in England?*

By Negley Farson

SINCE the days of the Puritans and Quaker William Penn, following the wake of Elizabeth's adventurous sailors, the English went abroad to find new lives. It is true that nearly all of this, at the beginning, was to escape religious persecution. But in each ship that sailed for the New World there was always a man or two who said to himself: "As soon as we get there, I'll leave this outfit; I'll strike into the wilderness and make a new life for myself."

It was thus that the myth of the pioneer began. And Europe became fascinated with the idea of the "noble Indian"—also largely a myth, invented by James Fenimore Cooper. (Johann Strauss waited impatiently in Vienna for each serial instalment of *The Pioneers*.) Meanwhile, the real pioneers (which all reactionary U.S. statesmen and Big Businessmen hold up to the rebellious young Americans of today) were pushing on. A large proportion of them were thugs. Indian-killers, by choice. The sequence was, first the trapper; then the first settler-farmer; then came the man who first put up a store.

Thus a community began. The trapper moved farther into the wilderness. . . . These were the days when the log cabin flourished.

Actually, most of the men and women in these communities could not read a book, and didn't want to. They settled most personal disputes with duelling knives. They treated their women like slaveys. They drank like fish and they lived like pigs. Civilization, as such, was simply non-existent. And even the idealized towns of Mark Twain's Mississippi days would shock any prudish reader of *Tom Sawyer* or *Huckleberry Finn* had he or she any idea of what really went on in those towns.

THEN came the days of the mines—the 'Forty-Niners . . . and Bret Harte. It is said that Dickens, who wrote of London, influenced Bret Harte, who wrote of California, and that Bret Harte influenced Kipling, who wrote of India. Each being, of course, intensely local in his own subject matter. It is even said that California did not "produce" Bret Harte; that the power of Dickens was greater than that of the Sierras—and that the poem that Bret Harte wrote on Dickens's death about how the California goldminers waited for the next instalment to come, by stage coach, of *The Old Curiosity Shop*—so that they could find out what had happened to Little Nell—was for what truth there might have been in it, Bret Harte waiting for some more new ideas he might crib from Dickens. Anyway, Bret Harte created a California that never existed. Just as many Hindus and Mohammedans—*and* Englishmen—declare that Kipling "invented an army and an empire unknown to geographers and the War Office."

Bret Harte's poem to Dickens—"Dickens in Camp"—is a romanticized tribute. Two stanzas of it run:

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp with "Nell" on English meadows
Wandered and lost their way.
And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

But it is amusing to see how the jealous Mark Twain slanged Bret Harte. He declared:

"I know the argot of the quartz-mining and the milling industry familiarly; and so whenever Bret Harte introduces that industry into a story, the first time one of his miners opens his mouth I recognize from his phrasing that Harte got the phrasing by listening—like Shakespeare—I mean the Stratford one—not by experience."

And footnote to that might be the verdict of Mr. Horace Bixby, the famous Mississippi pilot who trained Mark Twain (then the young Samuel Clemens)—charging him $500 to "teach him the river between St. Louis and New Orleans"—that Mark Twain might have been one of the best pilots on the river "if he hadn't been scarey."

WHY do I wander on this way? Well, because those false, but delightful pictures which those great novelists made of their day have done us no harm, even if they weren't true. False pictures we draw, or believe, about life today will do harm.

The forces of wealth have immense financial resources, and in both Britain and the United States they control most of the avenues of publicity. They are wizards at fairy tales! Even in their advertisements in the magazines, the vested interests, the big financial and business corporations, strive to make us believe in a fantastic world. This, mark you, is being done to us today; it isn't any whimsical tale of the Sierras or the North-west Frontier that we are being asked to believe—it is the false story that we are being (*Continued on page* 56)

A Woman In Belgium

I HAVE just spent two weeks in Belgium, Holland and a small part of Germany and one has only to make a trip like mine to realize that the Army and the R.A.F. know a great deal about good management.

There were a few telephone calls, an interview, two days of hurried shopping to enable me to make a quick change out of my nursing uniform into khaki, two late afternoon calls to collect the necessary papers and the Belgian money, and I was off early the following morning.

I crossed by boat packed with troops, Ats, Waafs, and Wrens, but it was not nearly as uncomfortable as I had anticipated. The wireless blared from early morning to 10.30 at night; instructions were given through the loud speakers; we had to wear our life belts all the time we were on board; we queued up for tea, Spam, bread and jam, and sweets served in the galley, and both the men and the girls behaved as if they were on a cross-Channel jaunt.

The Ats were a sturdy lot of Ack-Ack girls. They wore battle blouses and slacks with elastic at the waist and gum boots.

The Waafs looked almost as elegant as mannequins in their blue battle dress blouses and slacks, and the Wrens were snug

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? Jane Gordon with the driver of her jeep, planning their route for the day's tour

MIDST FEBRUARY SNOW. Junior Commander Mary Churchill at the head of members of an ATS Heavy Ack-Ack Battery marching past the ninth-century cathedral in Ghent

in their hooded duffle coats but less snug about the legs as they wore skirts, silk stockings and rather light-looking shoes.

When we were disembarked, the Ats, Waafs and Wrens formed separate groups on the quayside, and we watched the troops marching off.

A little later I "enbussed" for Brussels. It happened to be a cold wet day, and I was interested to see how the people would be dressed, and how they would look. The little towns were crowded; all the children were well wrapped up in coats made of good stout material, woollen caps and mufflers. The girls wore galoshes, so did many of the women. Clogs were worn by some of the boys, and I noticed a number of gum boots and Wellingtons. What is more, the children themselves looked surprisingly well with pink cheeks and sturdy legs. It was the same with the women out shopping, they looked well fed and astonishingly well clothed.

The shop windows we passed were well stocked, but I did not see one butcher's shop or dairy, though there were plenty of vegetables and apples on view. The countryside was bare; I saw no cows and very few chickens during the four and a half hours' drive to Brussels.

Brussels, itself, is the most extraordinary mixture of war and peace. Since the liberation, the citizens look on the war as being over. Fashions flourish; the shops are still crammed full of every conceivable luxury, although the necessities of life are hard to come by. Prices

WELCOME TO THE LIBERATORS. The people of the Belgian town of Bruges wildly cheer the Canadians who captured the town undamaged

The Record of a Visit Recently Paid to this Liberated Country long Under the Heel of the Nazis

By Jane Gordon

have risen sky high, and the Black Market situation can only be described as "fluid and confused."

Imagine yourself walking along Oxford Street, Bond Street, Regent Street or Piccadilly, and not seeing one single sign of bomb damage, and glass in every shop window; imagine seeing every type of scent you have ever heard of, displayed; silk stockings from £2 to £4 a pair; thousands of watches, beautiful table glass, all as in pre-war days. It is true, that the shoes are of imitation leather, so are most of the handbags. A real leather handbag costs from £10 to £12, and real leather shoes about £8.

The women of Brussels wear hats so high and so fantastic that they have to be seen to be believed. There are plenty of fur coats about. Girls wear curious thick white stockings hand-knitted in a fancy cable stitch. There is no conscription, so that the majority of men are out of uniform and even the poorest are

NOT UNDER THE COUNTER. Troops selecting fruit in the market place at Brussels to take home as presents

superbly dressed compared to our men here. I did not see one worn-out, shabby-looking top coat. Clothes are on points; but stockings are not.

Prices in civilian restaurants work out to about £4 a meal for two, including a bottle of good young burgundy. There is plenty of fruit in the shops.

Compared to all this luxury civilian rationing remains almost at starvation level. The day I left the new month's ration had just been published. Bread, flour, cakes, biscuits, macaroni and all the starches come under one heading, and the allowance is 10 kilos a month per person—a kilo is, roughly, two and a quarter pounds in weight—of which you can take seven kilos in bread or flour, three in biscuits or macaroni. There was no butter allowed at all for this particular month, but the margarine allowance was 150 grammes—28 grammes equal one ounce, and 450 grammes one pound, approximately. This had to do for cooking as there is no lard. Chicory, 250 grammes for the month; green coffee 150 grammes; sugar, one kilo; dried vegetables, half a kilo; meat, one and a half pounds; jam, 900 grammes; and potatoes, 12 kilos. The meat ration actually means very little, as the chances are that you will not be able to get your ration, nor can you get butter or shell eggs even if you are entitled to them as they, apparently, all go to the Black Market.

Children up to the age of fourteen are allowed about eight litres of milk a month, and eight more with a doctor's certificate, but, here again, the chances are you cannot get the milk. There is no allowance of orange juice or cod liver oil for children, nor has there been during the war.

Dried herrings are sold at street corners, but there is no fish in the shops. At one moment, during the coal difficulties, many people had no means of cooking what they were allowed. How you can reconcile these rations with the healthy appearance of the children is a thing which I do not pretend to understand. As we motored through the little villages, children waved and smiled at us.

It was a very different story the moment we got into Holland. Here the rations are, approximately, the same but there is no Black Market to help out with the necessities of life, and the children look very thin and badly *(Continued on page 56)*

ALLIED TROOPS clearing up the rubble in the streets of Gilza stop work to chat amicably with a Dutch family

HOMELESS AGAIN. American M.P.s check the passes of Belgian refugees from the devastated town of Bastogne

A SALVAGE JOB. These German nuns were allowed to return to Aachen and collect jars of preserves and coke from their convent

After the War

What Prospects for Continental Travel?

By Ferdinand Tuohy

FRIENDS' eyes have begun to light up at thought of a holiday abroad again. There is no harm in eyes lighting up and every reason why they should.

Have you realized that not for five full generations—130 years to be exact—has this country been cut off from the Continent, its voyaging people bottled up in their own island year after year? No wonder a certain claustrophobia has set in. Only—the last time it happened, our forebears were luckier.

That was Waterloo time and though the interruption of ordinary travel to the Continent had extended over a much longer period than in the present instance, Bonaparte and his wars had not made anything like the hideous, heartrending mess of the Continent that Hitler has done. Accordingly, from 1814 onwards—for the rush from these shores began once "Boney" had been "safely" stowed away on Elba—one could step out on a gay and lively, well-disposed and but slenderly damaged Continent.

And how they did step out, if "they" were restricted to the quality and the military plus a superior, small leavening of those "in trade"! All wanted to see France, Germany, above all, Italy. The younger fry had never seen any of them and itched to be off on the long-cancelled "Grand Tour." Of course, people *had* visited the Continent between 1794 and 1814. For two years, 1802-1804, there was peace. And throughout, one could get secretly across the Channel by private treaty, from Shoreham or Sandgate. But of ordinary, above-board travel, there was none, and the records of the Southern Railway afford the best testimony. No sail-packets plied between England and France for twenty years, save a faint revival during the two-year Peace of Amiens.

Pent up at home here, then, is a flood of would-be "travellers abroad." Tired of what a leading humorist would call "seeing only their own pans"; bored to tears with 'Erb Morrison and the whole herd; dreaming of the Fifth Freedom, namely to get away from the Puritan ("Be-Like-Me") Pussyfoots and experience the shame of a Continental Sunday; pre-war travellers longing to see the old favourite spots again, and novices no less straining to sample them; the urge is manifestly all about, reaching beyond class and privilege, purse and snobbery. But what are the prospects?

Again I must take you in reverse, though this time a matter of only one generation (yes, you are about to hear another statement commencing with insuppressible "after the last war").

After the last war I got demobilized on February 11, 1919, and two days later was sunning myself at Nice as a civilian, having begun to demolish the King's gratuity. It's much better to put it just like that. I pulled no strings beyond asking my former firm to say I was "pivotal" when they hadn't thought of it. I just got into the boat train and the Continent was there, all ready to greet me. Lashings of food, all the trains necessary, though crowded, and the natives, despite recent grieving, on tip-toe with "*comment-allez-vous?*"

Forget all that.

Do not be misled by current "having wonderful time" tales. "Laughing as they jumped off the boat train from Paris, the sisters (X and Y), Wrens, of Harrow, Middlesex, told me they were having a 'most marvellous time' in Paris." *Vide* station reporter. That "time" was being had in the closed Shaef world of Anglo-American plenty and well-being, a world divorced in mood, feeling and outlook, from the shy, pinched and shivering, weary and grieving Parisians who collect rice off the pavement at Buddies' weddings and refer to Allied goings-on as "dancing in a cemetery."

In weighing your chances of holidaying abroad, consider first of all this mood. The Continent has not been improved by avoidable Liberation tribulations and anyway is not (*Continued on page* 62)

Decoration by Jack Matthew

THEY were listening with acute attention to the statement of an N.C.O. charged with a startling array of major military crimes

American Ambassador

The Technical Sergeant Cultivates Goodwill and Understanding

By Allan Swinton

THE office in the southern English county of Sussex of the —th Construction Regiment, U.S. Army Engineers, was an arched corrugated iron hut furnished with bleak efficiency. Within, on a bright May day of 1944, the Colonel across his desk, the duty officer, a prisoner's escort and a variety of witnesses, were listening with acute attention to the statement of an N.C.O. charged with a startling array of major military crimes.

The Colonel, a rugged iron-grey engineer of international fame for the construction of roads, canals, railways, bridges and colossal dams, eyed the prisoner with a searching look that showed anger and disbelief with equal force, for the accused was one of his most prized and trusted soldiers.

Master Sergeant Shapiro was a dark, tough-looking fellow roughly five and a half feet tall, three feet wide and two feet thick. Though in civil life no more than a section boss for a construction company, he was in his special way an artist, such was his skill in handling massive weights and the use of steam-shovels, rock-drills, bulldozers, derricks, ditch-excavators and dynamite.

His manner under examination was a curious blend of bashfulness and defiance. "Well, sir, beggin' the Colonel's pardon, sir, I told Lootenant Kosky all the details, sir. The Colonel can rest assured there wasn't nothin' done not in strick accordance with the Colonel's orders to the best of my ability, sir."

The Colonel's blue eyes bulged and his face turned red. In startled indignation he ejaculated: "You misappropriate five hundred tons of equipment, waste a hundred gallons of gas, head a mutiny of three parts of the entire outfit and change the geography of England on your own infernal hook and have the gall to say I told you to!"

With modesty and deprecation Shapiro conceded that was the position. "Beggin' the Colonel's pardon an' with every respec', sir, yessir."

The Colonel's eyes bulged again but, showing admirable restraint, he only said, "Be good enough to detail these alleged orders."

"Permission to read from notebook, sir?"

"Proceed," said the Colonel grimly.

Shapiro unbuttoned his right blouse pocket, took out a G.I. notebook with two places kept in it by rubber bands, and read in a tone that began somewhat sheepishly but rose to confidence and even triumph: "April fif', 1942. Camp Sarcee. Lecture by the Colonel on duty of a soldier. Orders an' reg'lations. These are framed to promote eff'ciency an' in camp account of discipline must be obeyed at all times an' to the letter. In the field it can be different. Situations can come up not anticipated by orders, verbal or written, or by reg'lations, however careful they been cooked. Situation might even break makin' orders null an' void if stickin' to them in this partic'lar pinch would produce effec' contrary to one intended. Duty is to get spirit an' intention in which orders was got out an' use best judgment to bring off that effec' in any jam comin' up."

Though the Colonel did not question this quotation of himself his reaction was not encouraging. "An able summary, Master Sergeant. But," he went on icily, "you are charged with inciting to mutiny, wholesale misuse of government property, interference in English civilians' private affairs and defacement of the countryside. I'm told you've practically eradicated one of the nicest homes in the district."

The rebuff did not daunt Shapiro, who, with a shade of the manner of a poker player laying down four aces, slipped off the first rubber band and flipped his book open at the second. "September eight', 1943. At sea. Lecture by the Colonel on soldiers as

"I TAKE the chance while Billin'ston an' her is talkin' gardenin' to drop back and check his standin' with this girl. I find he's right. She sure don't like Americans"

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
ILLINGWORTH

ambassadors of America. We are approaching foreign soil an' every man is goodwill ambassador of the United States. Sac'fices of the war will be wasted if effec' is not to bring the nations closer in goodwill an' understandin'. Duty is to work for this at all times. Respons'bility begins soon as we land in England. Wishes an' customs of inhab'tants must be respected scrup'lously. All care must be taken to avoid or clear up misunderstandin' an' avoid damage to prop'ty, an' if any comes up those responsible must see it fixed right or fully compensated as reg'lations provide for."

The sergeant closed his book and stood to attention.

"And you interpret that as justifying this—this rabble behaviour and incredible vandalism," the Colonel said.

"The Colonel can rest assured nothin' was done not in strick accordance with the Colonel's orders, sir."

The Colonel drew his breath and let it out very slowly. Then he mentally counted ten. When he could trust himself to speak he said: "You don't make sense. Explain yourself, if you can."

A man far more of action than of words, Shapiro showed embarrassment. "Well, sir, to tell it right would take quite a time, sir. I know the Colonel's plenty busy——"

The Colonel snapped at the company. "At ease," swung his chair round and cocked his feet up on his desk. "Take all the time you want, Master Sergeant. Because," he added dangerously, "at present you're headed for six months in jail, without your stripes."

Shapiro stood in extreme discomfort for some moments. Then he knuckled his nose, breathed hard and, with the air of one jumping into a lake, plunged into narrative. "It all come up through Private Firs' Class Billin'ston, sir. He drives my section H.Q. truck, sir, an' he ain't too bright. The Colonel may remember when we moved into this camp we was halted for an hour while a big convoy passed the cross-roads, sir. Well, my truck happens to stop outside this dinky cottage, sir. Reg'lar picture place it was, thatch roof, real pretty garden, truck patch orchard, hen house, beehives, all neat an' tidy like a magazine ad.

After we been there a piece out comes this little old lady in a white lace cap. You never seen anyone so frail an' shaky, like a puff of wind would blow her away but sort of proud like too. She says if we got time she'd like to give us some refreshment. I remember the Colonel's orders 'bout not takin' food on account the English havin' hardly enough themselves an' us livin' high, so I say thank you kindly no.

But she says on account of bread's not rationed an' she's got her own cow an' garden, she's got plenty some kinds of chow an' she'd be honoured if we would. Well, I got the Colonel's orders 'bout respectin' inhab'tants wishes so I okay then, an' Billin'ston an' I go in. There's a sort of porch place with a tile floor and roses growin' over poles. She says we can sit there an' eat an' watch the truck.

That old lady *was* a lady. She treats us like we was someone, talks to us right polite while she feeds us razzberries an' cream an' bread an' butter an' honey an' cake an' coffee, an' apologizes 'cause there's so few currants in the cake on account of they're rationed. I take care Billin'ston only has one piece an' no sugar like she tries to make him on account it's rationed, too.

When the highball comes the column's goin' to move an' we get up to go, the old lady says if we're stoppin' in the neighbourhood will we come again. She says she's got sons an' grandsons fightin' all over the world an' people bein' nice to 'em an' will we make her home like ours while we're around. She says not to be afraid o' makin' work 'cause her maid, who is out just now, will be around. Well, sir, I was kep' plenty busy for the next ten days and didn't have no time for things like that, an' then Lootenant Kosky sends me over to the depot with the truck to draw some grader parts. We have to wait, so, 'stead of gettin' back for chow, we have it there and come back after.

It's Sat'day and there's a route we can go back past the cottage, an' Private Billin'ston starts workin' on me to make a call. I can't go for it because we're on dooty an' I tell him so. That seems to gripe him pretty hard and I ask how come.

Then it comes up he's been there every time he can get on pass an' he's carryin' a torch for the old lady's hired girl. He's gone fair nuts on her an' wants to marry her.

Well, sir, the Colonel's always tellin' us 'bout how the noncoms' first respons'bility is the welfare of their men so I think I'd better check this up. I ask him what'll his people think about him takin' home some hired girl.

Y'see, sir, Billin'ston's got dough. Real dough. In fac' he's pretty near a millionaire. His old man died an' left him Billin'ston's Patent Love-Form Brassières an' are they popular! Why, pret' near every babe from Brooklyn to—well, anyway, all the girls wear 'em, sir. Sort o' female free-suspension tackle, if you get what I mean, sir.

Billin'ston says that's okay. His mother was a hash-slinger before she hit on this here patent rig they got rich on by makin' up her own, an' she's all the time scared he'll marry some society floozy that'll pick him clean. He says this girl ain't a hired girl neither. She's a companion too,

WHILE we're working I get Mary over an' she bosses a gang to move the furniture

an' that ain't the same. An' anyway, whatever she is, he's goin' to marry her. Billin'ston ain't what you'd call bright, sir, but he's a sticker an' got guts.

I ask him how he's makin' out an' he says not so good. It comes up the girl don't like Americans.

Well, sir, what with my respons'bility for the welfare of my men like the Colonel said an' the Colonel's orders 'bout cultivatin' goodwill an' understandin', I figure I'm in a spot where I got double duty. It's Sat'day an' I'll be off anyway when I get back, so when we come to the cross-roads I okay an' we go over.

When we reach the cottage I see right off why Billin'ston's so struck. The girl's a peach, sir. 'Bout hundred an' twenty pounds, yellow hair an' big blue eyes an' a streamline chassis faired nice where it ought to be. She keeps her face straight when we come in but the old lady's right polite again. They give us tea—not that I go for tea, it's like dishwater I say. But I got the Colonel's orders 'bout respectin' inhab'tants customs, sir, so I get it down —an' then they show us round the garden which the old lady's special proud of 'cause she made it herself.

I take the chance while Billin'ston an' her is talkin' gardenin' to drop back and check his standin' with this girl. I find he's right. She sure don't like Americans. While I'm puttin' in some words for Billin'ston she stays deadpan an' tappin' with her foot. An' when I told her how well fixed he is, an' about the comp'ny with full-page coloured ads in all the magazines and how it was all built up from the first pair his mother made herself, she clouts me.

Some of these English babes are potato-mouths but not this one. She's one ball o' fire and can she dish it out! "How dare you," she cracks with her eyes snappin'. "But what can you expec' from sergeants wearing their stripes upside down"—the limeys wear theirs up the other way, y'see sir—"An' them phoney ribbons on your chest," she says, "one for not stayin' out late, one for keepin' your ears clean an' one for writin' home to mother. Why, my brother's fought Rommel up an' down Africa for three years in the infantry an' only just got a ribbon. What'll they hang on you if you ever see a German I want to know. But one thing I found out today," she says, "that's why they call you people dog-faces." She kep' goin' quite a time an' she sure had some angles.

I remember the Colonel's orders 'bout clearin' up misunderstandin' with the inhab'tants, an' done what I could, but that wasn't no job for ten minutes, which was all I had before the others come an' broke it up.

Well, sir, Billin'ston's yen for Mary —that's her name—gets worse. 'Bout three weeks later I send him over with the truck to Comp'ny D. He comes back with his eyes buggin' out, shakin' like a leaf.

He says it's his birthday an', though he was on duty, he couldn't resist comin' back by the cottage so as to see her. She's out, but the old lady gives him coffee, which she's found out now we like an' which ain't rationed. When he tells how it's his birthday she says they must celebrate and brings out her special brandy.

He can't stay long, but just as he gets up to go Mary comes back. She's found out by now he's harmless, an' when she hears how it's his (*Continued on page* 67)

One was acting as sentry while the rest of the gang formally hung a collaborator. They hadn't time to finish the job. They broke the man's neck with an iron bar and skedaddled into the woods

Nazi Underground?

Can they get a National Resistance Movement going and run it as successfully as the Poles, Greeks, Belgians, Yugoslavs, Norwegians, Czechs, and Dutchmen ran theirs from 1940 on?

By C. Patrick Thompson

IN Cologne, I called on my old friend, Major John Smith, in his office at Allied Control H.Q. in Dom Square. The Rhineland is a good country to be quartered in. Shooting, bathing, boating, Wiesbaden for weekends, and the Rhine wines are good and cheap. The Control personnel have their own club and sports ground. My friend had his wife out and was living in a nice house with a large garden. It seemed a picnic after five years of war service, yet the Major looked worried, and I noticed he went armed.

"It's this damned underground," he explained. "When Germany folded, we expected trouble with a few last-ditchers, but nothing we couldn't clean up in six months. Now look at us—toting guns in the fourth year of the occupation, and plagued by an underground that gets away with everything from sabotage and illicit publications to international conspiracy and domestic political assassination.

"These fellows burrow under us like moles. They slip through our control lines like ghosts. They run a courier service and come and go as though we had no frontier guards, port police, train inspections, road patrols or secret police.

"We can't get any leading Germans to co-operate. The underground treats them as traitors. We pinched a fellow on the Solingen road the other night. He was whistling in a wooded stretch. We found he was acting sentry while the rest of the gang formally hung a collaborator. They hadn't time to finish the job. They broke the man's neck with an iron bar and skedaddled into the woods. We haven't caught them yet, and we can't get anything out of the sentry.

"They publish clandestine journals, fake identity papers, tap our wires, ferret out our office secrets. Last year they pulled a fast one. They found out one of the British wives here was having an affair with an American officer. They published facts and names in one of their rags and circulated it to all ranks in this area. They must have been trailing the girl. Imagine how silly we looked.

"We know they're still teaching the Nazi brand of history in some schools, but we can't catch 'em at it: their defence system's too good. They've even worked out co-operation between political factions who used to be at one another's throats. It's a regular secret state complete with a 'foreign office' which issues passports—forged of course—and a 'treasury' that finances operations by issuing internal loans."

The foregoing paraphrases an intercepted letter (with some additions from the record) written by a disconcerted officer of the German administration in West Poland in the winter of 1944. I have moved it four years ahead in time, and the boot from a Nazi to a British foot, because this is the kind of thing Allied Control officers will be telling visitors, and writing home to families, if the Nazis get a national resistance movement going, and run it as successfully as the Poles, Greeks, Belgians, Yugoslavs, Norwegians, Czechs and Dutchmen ran theirs from 1940 on.

This is the Nazi post-war plan—or so we are told from Washington official and many unofficial sources. The job is already under way. Leaders are being trained, a general staff and high command organized, techniques worked out, local groups formed.

But what are the Nazi chances of getting away with it? The question is best answered by checking on those other undergrounds. What's their secret? How did they operate? How survive?

I have talked to scores of undergrounders, of a dozen different nationalities, listened to their on- and off-the-record stories. After a time one finds that all form a common pattern woven around two main themes, one spiritual, the other material. The spiritual theme is hope; the material, outside aid. Extract those, and there's nothing left, except perhaps a small nuisance core.

Jan Novak was the last operator to remind me of the often-forgotten outside-aid factor. He told me some of his story over a lunch table in London last February. A Polish student of political economy mobilized in August 1939, he escaped from his German captors on his way to a prisoner-of-war camp (there was much confusion in the German rear), and went underground. (*Continued on page* 54)

According to official and many unofficial sources, the job is already under way. Leaders are being trained, a general staff and high command organized, techniques worked out, local groups formed

Old Tales Re-told

Salonina, whose Fate it was to be Wedded to Gallienus, one of the Most Complex and Unpleasant Characters who ever wore the Purple

Written and Illustrated
By F. Matania, R.I.

WOMEN have always been ready to proclaim, whenever the world is plunged into calamitous wars and troubles, that if the reins of government had been in *their* hands instead of in those of the opposite sex, humanity would have been spared much of its misery. At any rate, they say, they could scarcely have made a worse mess of things than the men!

However, when we look into the history books, noting particularly that colossal event in European affairs, the fall of the Roman Empire, we usually find that the blame can be attributed to vice, debauchery and immorality—all of which failings imply the complicity of the daughters of Eve! Consequently, women get blamed even when only indirectly responsible. It is a fact that the earliest historians to embrace Christianity were loud in their denunciations of the wickedness of pagan women.

Gallienus, always anxious to preserve the outward show of princely form, received Salonina, his bride, with ceremonious gallantry

There are two sides to the question, of course. Certainly Roman history contains a formidable list of wicked women; most of whom have been more dramatically picturesque than the women who have achieved immortality through noble deeds. Thus their exploits, often exaggerated for artistic effect, have won widespread notoriety; and this has helped to emphasise the influence of women on the calamities of mankind. Yet, compared with the appalling numbers of wicked *men*, and taking into consideration the limited sphere of their power, their real responsibility is actually very little.

We do not often find a ruling couple composed of a vile woman and a noble man. But, on the other hand, we have countless examples of wicked men married to blameless women. Many of these latter were martyrs and stoics, many were exiled, others killed in the flower of their youth, while some accepted with quiet philosophy the unbridled and outrageous lives of their lords.

In the last category stands out conspicuously the figure of the Roman Empress Salonina, whose fate it was to be wedded to one of the most complex and unpleasant characters who ever wore the purple, Publius Licinius Gallienus.

IN the year 253 A.D. Valerianus, a valiant general, was elected Emperor by the legions. It was at a moment when the enemies of the Roman Empire, taking advantage of its growing weakness, were raising their heads to strike. Practically every province was in open revolt. Never before had the army to cope with so many adversaries at the same time. The election of Valerianus was accepted with enthusiasm. He was an upright man, averse to all forms of vice, fair in his judgments and gentle in manner; well fitted by his military prowess to become leader of a nation. His wife, Mariniana, was an exemplary woman, worthy of the honour to which she had been raised. Alas, the union of two noble individuals is quite likely to produce an issue which possesses none of the qualities of either parent. Such was the case of young Gallienus, the eighteen-year-old boy whom Valerianus made his colleague in the governance of the Empire.

The father's dream was to instil in the son a sense of responsibility and pride in his position, but, unfortunately, this remained a dream only. Gallienus, disregarding his father's example, began to show more interest in licentious amusements. He did not altogether neglect his studies—for he was naturally intelligent—but this proved to be a mere flash of industry in an otherwise lazy nature.

Harmonious composition came naturally to him both in prose and verse. He was a fluent orator, never lacking in witty argument. Also he had certain military qualities of courage and command. But all this was counterbalanced by endless bad qualities. As soon as he had at his command every luxury conceivable, he showed signs of an intention to repeat the worst excesses of Heliogabalus and Nero.

Valerianus tried hard to overcome the pernicious instincts of his son, but succeeded only in becoming estranged from him. The more he tried to induce him to live a life of restraint and nobility the further Gallienus drifted away from him.

In a last effort to persuade him to give up the hordes of predatory women hovering around him like flies, Valerianus married him to a young Greek princess named Salonina. She was the *belle idéale* of womanhood, beautiful in appearance and nature, and also endowed with considerable intellect. She had been

As in every other great city, there were in Rome countless places of pleasure, where orgies and entertainments were staged, sometimes with artistic effect, and always at great expense—for the rich patrons were prepared to make it worth while to the management

a pupil of the famous philosopher Plotinus, who kept in contact with her when she became Empress and received many tokens of her gratitude and esteem.

The Empress Mariniana perceived at once the outstanding character of her daughter-in-law, and the two women, both empresses, who might so easily have been jealous of each other, became linked by a strong bond of affection.

Gallienus, always anxious to preserve the outward show of princely form, received his bride with ceremonious gallantry.

But inwardly he regarded his honeymoon as nothing more than a fresh adventure of short duration. Salonina's purity, instead of attracting him, repelled his corrupt taste. As for her beauty—his attitude to this is best described by a verse of Ovid, which he often quoted: "There are more beautiful women in Rome than stars in the sky!"

Totally disinterested in affairs of state, he spent most of his days at the Baths of Caracalla, where all kinds of diversions were offered to wealthy patrons who could afford them. Then, after a few hours of sleep, he passed on to the more dubious pleasures of the night.

As in every other great city, there were in Rome countless places of pleasure, ranging from the lowest cantinas and other premises of the "Suburra" to the luxurious establishments worthy of an Emperor's notice. Orgies and entertainments of all sorts were staged, sometimes with much artistic effect, and always at great expense, for the rich patrons were prepared to make it worth while to the management.

SALONINA tried to reform her husband by every means in her power, exerting all her charm and persuasion, but it was useless. All she could obtain from him were evasive replies and cynical jests.

His way of reacting to even the gravest circumstances may be judged by his reply when he was told that the whole of Egypt was lost. "We Romans can do just as well without Egyptian linen!"

When he was informed of the disasters caused by the Scythian rebels and the devastating earthquake in that region, his only regret was that the best soap came from there; but he supposed that Rome could use another kind of lather to wash with. When the loss of part of Gaul was announced, he merely replied that the Republic would not be destroyed by the lack of canvas from Arras.

The events that were fast reducing the possessions and prestige of the Empire grew to a perilous climax when Sapore, King of Persia, threatened to overrun the whole of Asia with his huge army.

He had already invaded Armenia, conquered Syria, taken Antioch, the capital city of the East, and looted Cappodocia, carrying off riches by the ton and slaves by the thousand. Valerianus, with all the forces he could muster, went off to try to stem the tide of invasion. The whole Empire was in a state of turmoil, awaiting news.

Gallienus was supposed to be directing internal affairs. Instead of which, he was engrossed in a new love-affair. This time the object of his desire was Pipara, the famous northern beauty, daughter of Attalus, King of the Marcomans of South Germany. As she was a princess it was not possible to make her a royal concubine; and as she was also a barbarian, Roman law forbade marriage. Nevertheless, Gallienus, well knowing the depths of servility to which the Senate had fallen, summoned a meeting of the Council and made a bold speech.

The bargain between Attalus, King of the Marcomans of South Germany, and Gallienus—dishonourable on both sides—was concluded, and Pipara, the statuesque daughter of Attalus, was brought to Rome

Never before in that solemn hall, where, on a mere suspicion, Julius Cæsar had been assassinated, and where the greatest orators of the world had fought their wordy battles on behalf of the Roman Republic, had a young wastrel been allowed to utter such a rigmarole of absurdities. His argument was that in the present crisis Rome needed new allies and auxiliary troops, and that these could be provided by Attalus; but as his kingdom was beyond the limits of Roman jurisdiction an alliance was necessary, and this could be effected by means of marriage. He therefore, for the sake of Rome and the future of the Empire, was prepared to marry Attalus's daughter.

The Senate was too stunned to reply. Not even the Emperor Titus had dared to ask for such a breach of the law, even when he conceived his great and only love for Berenice—and he had been the idol of the country. However, no reply would have affected Gallienus either way, for he was determined to do what he wished, regardless of opinion. Accordingly a messenger was sent to Attalus with the official proposal.

The crafty old barbarian at once saw his chance to make a profitable transaction. He agreed to send his daughter to

Rome on condition that he be given almost the whole of Pannonia. (This area included most of Austria-Hungary and Czechoslovakia.) The bargain, dishonourable on both sides, was concluded, and the statuesque Teuton maiden was brought to Rome. She must have been amazed by the contrast between the highly civilised city and the rude surroundings of her own upbringing. She had been used to rough stone walls hung with hides and the horns of animals—and here were costly marbles and gilded ceilings, tessellated pavements and mosaics, the huge columns of the temples and the exquisite workmanship of every detail of ornamentation—all shining like jewels under the dazzling glory of the sun.

Salonina was unhappier than ever. Hitherto she had found consolation in the wisdom and philosophy of her beloved tutor. But now she was faced with a new rival whose power seemed to be limitless. She knew too well that some day the newcomer's star would set as quickly as it had risen, and she pitied any woman who fell into Gallienus's clutches; but all this was little comfort to one in her position.

The departure of Valerianus and Mariniana for the east had left her without protection and when she heard that her dear parents-in-law had been taken prisoner by their inhuman enemy Sapore, she felt that now indeed all was lost.

Each new message that came through was more disheartening than the last. The Emperor was being forced to endure the most dreadful humiliations; he had to offer his back as a mounting-block when Sapore called for his horse. All the Empire went into mourning as a gesture to the Emperor, whom everyone loved and respected. Incredible though it seems, the only person to seem quite indifferent was Gallienus, his son and colleague, who showed no sign of grief and did nothing to try to bring his father some assistance. To someone who dared to remonstrate he answered that his father was only mortal, and should be quite happy to think he had done his duty.

His own energies were devoted to pleasing, adorning and amusing Pipara. Nothing else mattered in the least.

The herald appeared to announce that the order of the Empress had been carried out—namely, the punishment of one trick by another

So far he had not manifested any streak of cruelty—but the time soon came when he displayed this qualification, to be aligned with Nero, Tiberius, Caracalla, and all the other worst figures in history.

Compelled at last by the general outcry to attempt something, he went to Gaul (not to Persia), and helped by efficient generals (*Continued on p.* 64)

We are seven baby house-sparrows waiting for our dinner

Below in circle. This adventurous young kestrel has just crept out of his tree-trunk nursery, but finds his legs and wings none too reliable. "It's a long drop down there" seems to be his thoughts as he decides to make for home again

The Youngsters Appear

By B. Melville Nicholas

A young bullfinch which shows, in its infancy, nothing of the beauty that will one day be his

A young jay. When grown up his most popular crime is egg-stealing and ground-nesting birds suffer severely from his depredations

APRIL is a month of thrills, and a walk down the lane, along the stream-side and into the woods allows us to see many happy family parties, none more interesting than the long-tailed tits. These fairy-like creatures in neat black and white attire are expert architects showing a hereditary liking for lichen and spider cocoons combined with moss and other materials. They lay from eight to a dozen eggs and I was once fortunate enough to see a family of eleven leave their nursery. Except that they lacked the rosy tinge to their youthful attire they were exact replicas of their parents, and to watch them leave home one after the other in quick succession and follow their mother across the woodland path reminded me of a conjurer's hat.

Although the Tit tribe are among the smallest of British birds, they are ambitious in family affairs and a dozen chicks in one brood is quite a normal event. I once discovered a family of blue-tits that were fourteen in number, and although their babyhood garb lacked the azure-blue crown and white cheeks of their parents, they were none-the-less charming. An amazing amount of good fellowship exist among them and at night they would insist on perching closely huddled together. I rather think that this habit is a particular characteristic of most juvenile broods, for a family of nine blue-tits, reared in a nest-box in my garden, always "lined up" on a certain branch for meals. I have noticed that baby house-sparrows often act similarly, though they are seldom more than six or seven in number.

Whilst thus closely assembled, baby birds make easy prey for their rapacious neighbours, for carrion crows, magpies, jays and kestrels are ever on the lookout for an easy meal. The chances are that somewhere amid the woodland foliage these sly bandits also have families loudly calling for food.

Baby chaffinches closely resemble their mother and the males do not don their chestnut breast and slate-blue crown until after their first moult. This is also true of the (*Continued on page* 67)

Quiet Night

THE cabin-like door of the kitchenette clicked open and Mr. Wiley Trevor started guiltily. He was fooling about with a rubber teat over the sink, flicking it up with a thumb nail and catching it in the other hand. Of course, he dropped it now.

"*Tcha!*" said Nurse Harmon. Her opinion of young Mr. Trevor was not high. "That will have to be boiled."

"I'll boil it," Mr. Trevor said.

"The bottle's been sterilized and it's in the refrigerator. His food is mixed and has only to be heated. Not a minute before 3 a.m., remember!"

"I won't forget."

"Diapers, safety pins, talcum—all beside the crib."

"Everything's going to be fine, Miss Harmon."

It was clear Nurse Harmon did not think so. "He's asleep now and the mother is comfortable. Good night."

The front door of Mr. Trevor's new flat closed behind her.

"*The mother is comfortable!*" he mocked, braver now that La Harmon had gone. "Has it never struck the blithering old duck that Mary's my wife, too?" A sudden misty, tender sensation swept over young Mr. Trevor at the thought of Mary—so fragile, so pale of skin, with those solemn, grey eyes.

But he ran down the hall and snooped through the letter-box. La Harmon was just entering the lift.

"Honeypot!" Mr. Trevor warbled. "She's gone!"

"*Ssh!*" warned Mrs. Wiley Trevor and when he arrived like a playful hippopotamus at her bedside: "Is this the way for a man of twenty-six to behave?"

Now Mr. Trevor admittedly was six feet three inches and weighed nearly fifteen stone, and until recently it had been said of him that before any one else could get into a tank he would have to get out; yet in spite of his war record, when it came down to thinking about Mary and his three weeks' old son Mr. Trevor was as terrified as any comic-strip parent.

"*Darlingest!*" he said now, in a low voice on account of young Montgomery Trevor, asleep in the crib. "How I loathe that woman! From the moment I first saw that pink potato on the end of her nose and heard her click her false teeth she's made it clear she considers me little more than a moron and a menace."

"I've been back from the hospital three days," his wife pointed out, "so don't talk as if she's been hag-riding you since childhood. She's efficient and stands no nonsense from you, or any one else."

"Three days in the flat and off she has to go in the middle of the night because her mother has fallen down stairs."

Mrs. Trevor sighed. What she wanted to do was to pull this fellow's head down by his mop of hair and hug him, but she had, she felt, a certain matronly dignity now to uphold. "The poor woman can't help her mother. And she'll be back at nine tomorrow morning."

"I know," said Mr. Trevor. "And how have we been? Now we must get ourselves ready for the doctor. Have we had our afternoon's rest? If any one had told me that this baby business made women talk like that I'd never have believed them! Honeybunch!" he suddenly said, burying his face in her neatly brushed waves of platinum hair spread over the lace of the pillows, "if you start to talk like that I'll divorce you!"

"Wiley Trevor!" she ordered. "For heaven's sake stop flopping around like a trained seal. You can't hide it from me. You're scared stiff of the responsibility!"

"So La Harmon's been getting at you, too?"

"She has not. Blue funk is written all over you."

"That's a lie!" He turned his eyes to the ceiling. "You women think you have copyrighted something special in this baby legend. Boil this! Sterilize that! Keep the pin straight up and down, pointing to the navel!"

"Better own up and telephone to my sister!"

"Listen!" insisted Wiley Trevor. "If you're trying to scare me out of looking after my own son, you're wasting your time! Now go to sleep, my Prettiness. What—for heaven's sake!—is there to go wrong? Leave it to Wiley and all will be well."

A tight little look lay at the back of her eyes. "When you fill the bottle——"

"Careful not to give it him too hot! For Pete's sake, Precious!"

"All right, darling! Sorry, my sweet. But he means a lot to me. I—trust you! Turn off the light . . ."

He kissed her softly, saying to himself: "Nothing could *really* look as beautiful as this. I'm dreaming it." Then he clicked off the bedside light. Montgomery Trevor was sleeping like a veteran with his nose clenched in one chubby fist. He tiptoed out into the sitting-room.

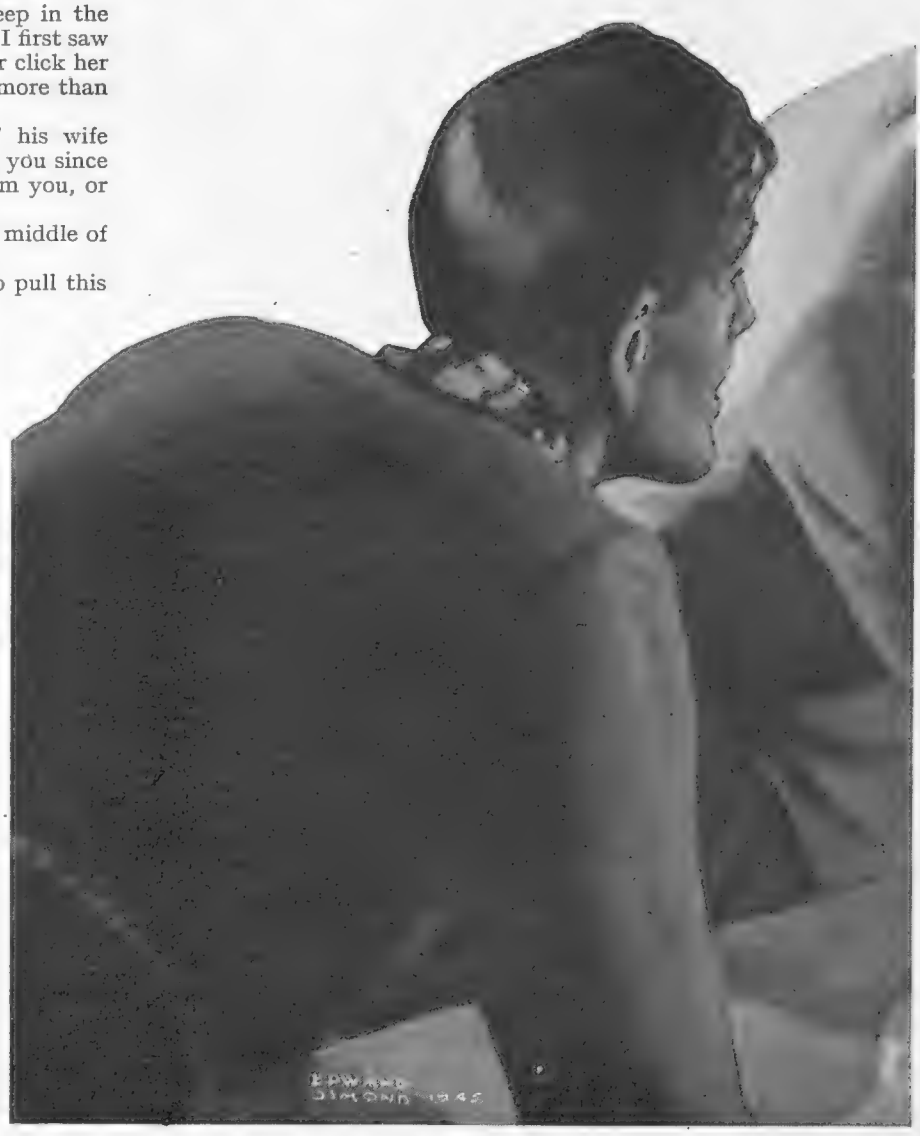
IT was a few minutes after eleven and the night was very hot. Mr. Trevor yawned and stretched, crossing through the open french windows to the tiny balcony. Lights pinpricked the dark green sea of Hyde Park below; and on either side, close under the roof, windows in this modern block of flats stood open to catch any cooling breeze. London seemed very quiet, peaceful, and sedate, minding its own business.

Suddenly a terrible thought struck him and without wasting a moment he plunged back for the bedroom. With a hand that shook he gently pulled the pink fist away from that nose and bent his head close to listen. What did you do in cases of suffocation? Ambulance? Doctor? A pat on the back?

A yell that sounded at such close quarters like a steam whistle almost split Mr. Trevor's ear drum. Montgomery Trevor flailed the air with his fists, found his nose once more, held on to it, and passed peacefully back into a deep slumber.

"What's that?" came a sleepy voice from the bed.

"Me," explained Mr. Trevor. "Everything's okay, dear. Don't worry!"



THE little man said: "'Ere. Who put that kid to lay on his extracted a generous burp from him, and laid him gently down,

"I'm not worrying," Mrs. Trevor mumbled, a shade peevishly. "Only trying to get a little sleep."

He crept out once more and with ice cubes that he dug out of the tiny refrigerator he mixed himself a long drink. Mr. Trevor's bed for three days had been the settee in the sitting-room. He sank into an armchair, heaved his feet up on to the settee and began to sip his drink. About ten hours until 9 a.m.

In that tiny room next door was all that the world meant to him. It seemed strange, now that he came to consider it, that something like a chicken could start life by hacking its way out of a shell and stroll off to massacre the first worm it saw, while a human baby was such a terribly delicate, fragile, helpless morsel with an untimely end threatening the poor mite at every turn.

The night was very quiet and still. He began to shift uneasily. He remembered that afternoon at the hospital—first time he had ever seen Montgomery Trevor. A brisk, breezy and athletic young doctor had come in, shouting about the room as if it were a barracks or a bar parlour. This oaf had scooped up Montgomery, raised the poor infant's heels with a hamlike fist and slapped him soundly under the stern, laughed heartily, and shoved him back in the crib.

Mr. Trevor's heart had stopped. Then his fists had doubled for mayhem upon the medico. But, strangely, Montgomery had waggled his fists with delight and uttered no protest.

Mr. Trevor shifted a shade more uneasily. He was thinking now of what his best friend—Joe Stamp, who lived on the floor below—had told him about his sister's first baby. The child—according to Joe—was being admired by one and all gathered for the purpose when suddenly its face went black and it died in convulsions in just under three minutes.

"You want to look out for convulsions," Joe said. "Watch for the face turning black, old boy."

An awful thought came to Mr. Trevor. He began to perspire. Of course, it was a shadow on the crib. Shadow from the bedside light. Yes—but shadow or not, Montgomery Trevor's face had had a blackish tinge just after that shout!

When he switched the light on for a second time, Mary woke up at once. "For heaven's sake!" she said, wide awake. "What is it now?"

Mr. Trevor was too relieved at having found his son still breathing to reply. He tiptoed out, and decided to undress and get to bed. In his pyjamas he took another look at the alarm clock's setting, switched out the light and jumped into bed. He got out almost immediately and phoned down to the exchange to call him at half-past two. Then he got back into bed again.

A most hideous sound awoke him. He thought the sirens were going, that someone had dropped one in a bomb dump. Then he realized with a cold clutch of fear that the appalling din was his son, giving tongue, and he fell full length over a chair in the dive he made for the door.

"Don't feed him till three," a sleepy voice insisted, as he tenderly raised his son.

Montgomery's face was purple, his mouth wide, and obviously he was very annoyed with something. The noise was like killing pigs—several pigs, and suddenly from out of the Unknown a quickening wave of sheer panic took Mr. Trevor. *This was it!* And it was up to him, and him alone.

"Oh, Lord!" he moaned. "This is the result of that leave-to-start-a-family. And to think that you named him Montgomery for the way he could sound off!"

Mr. Trevor laid him down—and he howled louder. He picked him up—and he yelled louder yet. He rocked him, he swung him, he patted him, and higher and higher mounted his shrieks. Only a matter of time now, before something burst.

He was in a cold sweat when the door buzzer sounded, and with the human factory whistle in his arms Mr. Trevor opened the front door to Joe Stamp, in full evening dress.

"Heard it as I came in," Joe said, "from down the street. D'you have to mess about with that kid at this time of night?"

Mr. Trevor noticed that his old friend had been drinking. "Go jump down the lift shaft," he advised.

"Hey! Wait a minute!" Joe cried, shoving in. "Put him over your shoulder and pat his back."

He turned Montgomery over tenderly. "You mean . . . like this?"

Lurching forward, Joe hit Montgomery a swift one. A dull rumble followed and the bawling ceased as if by magic.

"See what I mean?" said Joe.

"Do that again!" cried Mr. Trevor, almost weeping with rage, "and I'll knock your block off!"

"Another minute, and the poor infant would have had them."

Mr. Trevor was laying the baby on the settee. He started nervously. "Had—what?"

"Convulsions, old boy. That's the way they come. Through screaming. The face first turns black, then——"

"Shut up!"

"What about a drink, then?"

"Help yourself."

Joe brought two long drinks and they sat in the windows. "You kid yourself they're so fragile," Joe said. "Believe me, old boy, babies are plenty tough. There was a woman holding a baby in the back of a car I was following once, on the Great West Road. There came a bump——"

"I don't want to hear about it," Mr. Trevor said.

"The baby only fell out, old boy."

"Look here! Will you shut up!"

"Naturally! But it's silly when the kid wasn't hurt, in spite of three bounces and being brushed out of

A Father Takes Charge of his Newly Born Son

By

B. L. Jacot

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD OSMOND

heart?". He raised Montgomery, now practically torpid, and facing east. "Leave him to suck on his bottle until he drops off"

the way by the front wheel of a lorry.

"All right! The baby wasn't hurt. Now talk about something else."

IT was twenty minutes to three when Montgomery sounded off once more. Mr. Trevor, expertly advised by Joe, took him up and patted him, but this only made the babe howl louder. For a hectic five minutes Mr. Trevor tried everything, and it was obvious that a crisis was at hand when a voice said: "Just a minute, guv'nor!"

A small man in a raincoat took Montgomery and laid him on the settee. "I got four," he said. "Blimey! I know what's wrong with this one."

Expertly he raised Montgomery's legs and whipped off the diaper. "Got a clean one, guv'nor? Lumme! you can't expect a kid to sleep happy with a sopping cloth round his middle, can yer?"

Mr. Trevor fetched a clean diaper and laying it out folded it carefully from corner to corner, with a safety pin in his mouth. He raised Montgomery, silent now, and slid the wedge under the pink stern, searching for the corners to fold in, *à la Harmon.* But the corners had disappeared.

"'Ere, guvnor," their new friend protested. "Look! Pull it out into a triangle on the bed. Then you put his whatsit dahn on it. Then—over and over. See? Then up with the end. Lessaye the pin. In and aht and mind 'is little belly. Keep your thumb under's best, then you only prick yourself. There you are!"

"Thank you very much indeed," acknowledged Mr. Trevor.

"Oh! that's all right!" He stepped out on to the balcony and was gone.

Joe scratched his head. "Are they repairing the roof at night, or something?" he asked. "Where did he come from?"

The same thought had just struck Mr. Trevor, but he had other things to think of. The alarm clock showed three minutes to three, and he raced for the kitchenette. Joe followed him.

Mr. Trevor heated the food and poured it carefully into the bottle, snapping on the rubber teat, which he had carefully boiled. "It looks darned hot to me," Joe said.

"You wait until it cools," Mr. Trevor informed him, and at that moment Montgomery began to sound off. As Mr. Trevor hurriedly crossed the hall to attend to him the front door buzzer went, and Joe answered it.

Two policemen were in the hall when Mr. Trevor appeared with Montgomery in his arms and they followed him into the kitchen. "The kid wants his feed," Mr. Trevor shouted above the din. "Just a minute!" He picked up the bottle and was about to take a swig to test the temperature when a policeman stopped him.

"Just a minute, sir!" he said. He took the bottle and drawing back the sleeve from his upturned wrist, delicately sprinkled a drop on his skin, screwing up his eyes, with his head on one side. "Just about do," he decided. "Never suck a baby's bottle. Unhygienic."

"Thank you!" acknowledged Mr. Trevor.

The other cop said "We're looking for a prowler on the roofs. Have you your windows open?"

"Why, yes," Mr. Trevor told them.

MR. TREVOR thought of his wife peacefully sleeping and he charged for the bedroom, switching on the light. She lay among the pillows in the subdued light from the lamp looking so fragile and tender his heart turned over

"You mean a burglar, or something?"

"Someone's been getting through open windows," the cop said, "and he's probably on the roof somewhere. We'll get him, if he is. Don't you worry."

Mr. Trevor laid his heir on the settee and it was clear that Montgomery was satisfied. He was drawing freely. But the police had scarcely disappeared over the balcony before the buzzer sounded again and this time the manager from down below entered. "Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Trevor," he said, "but have the police been here?"

"They went out through the window," Joe said.

"I've just had two calls from the east wing. I wonder if you'd mind if I went after them? I think the prowler is over there."

"Why certainly," Mr. Trevor agreed, but the manager pulled up short.

"Oh, no, *no*!" he cried. "The poor mite will choke himself! Lay him on his *side*. On the side, Mr. Trevor! Excuse me, please!"

With a couple of deft movements he rearranged Montgomery and with a hurried smile passed out over the balcony.

"Lucky Mary doesn't wake easily," Joe said.

(*Continued on page* 61)

Five Film Stars Show You How They Do Their Hair

This is how the film stars are using their heads just now. We have sketched both sophisticated and simple coifs, which you can adapt for your own use with a little practice.

Meanwhile London hair stylists have given us their views on the latest hairdressing trends.

Miss Williams, of Elizabeth Arden, commends slightly longer hair but set close to the head so that the silhouette is shapely. She says the Edwardian continues, but, nowadays, with sides swept backwards rather than straight up, and crossing smoothly at back: The curled arrangement on top is varied according to the shape of the face.

Steiner hopes soon to start a revival of the 1860 chignon, meeting the reaction towards a more feminine feeling in clothes and hats.

Lucille Ball, glamorous redhead soon to be seen in Metro-Goldwyn's *Ziegfeld Follies*

Miss Ball favours an adaptation of the Edwardian style, good for the broad brow and rounded chin. The sides sweep up and back and cross over behind. The front is sectioned and set in loose sculptured curls

Shirley's modified pompadour is parted about three inches back from side to side. This front piece is brushed forward and then up and backwards over the hand. The long ends are tucked under and pinned

Shirley Temple is appearing again in the new United Artists picture, *Since You Went Away*

Phyllis Calvert's coxcomb curl starts with a shadow wave, the ends are then swept round, on the brow, and pinned into flat curls which continue round the side of the head. The back hair is dressed in small curls

Phyllis Calvert, star of the new Gainsborough film, *They Were Sisters*, soon showing in London

Jean Arthur, successful again as the star of Columbia's new comedy, *The Impatient Years*

Hair must be longish for Jean Arthur's version of the Edwardian. Back and sides are swept up into curls. The front is combed up and held. It then comes forward over a slide to form a full, curly-ended fringe

Barbara Britten appears with Joel McCrea in Paramount's *The Virginian*, now making

Charming for long hair. The back hair is parted in two plaits crossed over low on the neck. The two side sections are brushed up and plaited close to the head. These plaits frame the face and tuck into the back

Six Horse Race

The Mixed Adventures of a Punter at Aintree

By Tony Strachan

"TWO things are going to happen at Southampton." The sparks from Frangipan's pipe were night-fireflies cascading over the rail to the water below. "Firstly, I shall be prevented from landing by the immigration authorities. Secondly, a squad of detectives will escort me ashore, and I shall be forbidden ever again to voyage on a ship of this line. Both these things are abhorrent to me. At the same time, the two are incompatible. What happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable object?"

He knocked his pipe on the rail. "The question has been investigated by less able brains than mine."

Abruptly he turned and descended with firm step to his cabin.

By the time the fireflies had been extinguished by the Atlantic he was on deck again, suitcase in hand, the collar of his raincoat turned up, black felt hat pulled down over his eyes. Cautiously looking to see whether any one was watching he went up to the boat-deck.

Approaching the nearest lifeboat he stood on tiptoe and peered into it.

Two forms lay entwined in the gloom. "Excuse me," he said, and went on to the next, where the same thing happened. When he reached the fifth he was getting a little tired, so he rapped commandingly on the side of the boat.

A white face appeared over the edge. "What the blazes——"

"Sorry." Frangipan laid his hand on the boat. "This is wanted."

"Not sinking, is she?" said the face in alarm.

"By no means. Just a little, ah, exercise for the captain. The penalties of a sedentary life, you know. So every evening he rows twice round the ship."

The face disappeared. "Come on, Ethel."

Frangipan extended an arm, and helped the lady to clamber

THE comments of the crowd told him how things were shaping. It was apparent that each horse had fallen more than once.

down. Then, throwing his suitcase into the lifeboat, he climbed in after it.

His nimble fingers played with rope and davit tackle. "How do these things work?"

"I'll help you," said the face, while his lady smoothed dress and hair.

Bravely the two men struggled with the benefits of civilization. "Half a jiffy. She's coming."

There was the rattle of sliding chain. A crescendo roar accompanied by rapid acceleration, and Frangipan shot down about a hundred feet, meeting the ocean with a whacking splash.

He struggled to his feet and, finding that the lifeboat was still under them, seized the oars and thrust them into the rowlocks. His patent-leather shoes slipped against the footholds as he pulled madly into the night. There was a shout, then all further sound was muffled by the fog, as the lights of the liner quickly became pinpoints then vanished altogether.

"Second wind's a long time coming." His stroke was steady if a trifle unpractised. "The life of a dilettante does not fit one for this sort of thing."

Soon his doeskin gloves had burst, and blisters began to form.

Once he was nearly run down by the S.S. *Frenetic* as she hurtled through the fog trying to reach New York in under four days. Doggedly he rowed on.

HE hit land about nine a.m. two days later. He hit a particularly burly lump of rock, and it speaks well for the constitution of the lifeboat that it sustained no injury other than a slight concussion below the left rowlock.

A gnarled hand reached down and, grasping him by the arm, pulled him ashore. Another took hold of the boat's chain.

Frangipan found himself face to whisker with an old fisherman.

The whiskers parted. "There's a stretch of sand twenty yards along. We'll pull 'er in theer."

While the fisherman did his stuff, Frangipan took out a cigarette, placed it in a long black holder, and began to puff. The fisherman returned and examined him from hat to shoe.

"Cigarette?" said Frangipan.

The fisherman produced a clay pipe.

"How do I get to Southampton station?"

The fisherman spat.

"I want to get to London eventually."

The fisherman removed his pipe and pointed the stem: "See that road?" Frangipan nodded. "Well, tha follows that. Three hundred miles as crow flies."

"Three hundred m . . ." Frangipan gaped. "My rowing must be speedier than I thought. I wish I'd known. I might have got my Blue." A thought struck him. He indicated the chimney stacks of a near city. "That *is* Southampton?"

"Liverpool," said the fisherman.

Frangipan thought, "I can't believe I've rowed all the way up the Irish Channel."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. SMITHSON-BROADHEAD

A hooter made him jump. Turning, he saw a road and a slow-moving queue of cars.

He pointed: "Not all business magnates, surely?"

The fisherman, bending down, busied himself with his nets. "Ain't going to city."

"Oh?"

"Going to Aintree."

"Aintree?" At the magic word Frangipan's eye kindled. "Are they, by Jove? Let me see, what's the date?"

"March."

"The National?"

Whiskers nodded.

Frangipan took his cigarette from its holder and lit another with it. His hand trembled a little. "Dangerous life, the fisherman's."

The salt-hardened fingers delved among the seaweed. "It has its trials."

"Always the risk of a slipping foot."

"Aye."

"Or a leaky boat."

"That's so."

"A pretty weather-safe craft is needed."

"Ah."

"You're not in need of a new boat, I suppose?"

The fisherman looked up from his nets. "What's getting at thee, lad?"

Frangipan waved his cigarette-holder at the lifeboat. "I'm thinking of getting rid of that. It's a little cumbersome for one pair of hands. Something of more elegant line is in better keeping with my personality."

Cod's-eyes swivelled slowly. A solitary tooth showed like a rusty marling spike, and a grating laugh issued, like the running of rope from a winch. "Your own property?"

"It has come into my, ah, possession, yes."

"Funny sort o' craft for a young gent like you."

"That is why I wish to dispose of it."

"Queer sort of hour to be gallivantin' about, too."

"You expect a voluptuary of the æsthetic senses to traffic while the material world is conducting its sordid business? I wanted to bathe myself in the Celtic mists, the forlorn mountains, the fairy mythology of W. B. Yeats. In short, I wanted to see dawn over the Irish Sea."

The fisherman wiped his nose with the back of his hand. "Thou're forgetting sun rises in east."

"Pah," said Frangipan. "Astronomy. The decay of modern astronomy began in the fifteenth century when Copernicus, or someone equally vulgar, forwarded the theory that the world is round. Today this is believed only by a few dunderheads. The world is palpably flat, except for a few places like Derbyshire, where it is broken up by hills and stone walls and things."

"Anyroad." A fishy forefinger pointed to the lettering on the lifeboat: S.S. *Hernia*. "What about that?"

"Is there any vile backwater of Admiralty law that prevents a man christening his boat by any name he chooses?"

"Her's scuppered to the thwarts," said the fisherman with relish. "My dinghy's good enough for me."

"You deserve no other fate," Frangipan prepared to leave with dignity, "than to be covered with inverted commas and incorporated into a short story by the late W. W. Jacobs."

With that he bade the man adieu and made for the road, his thin shoes squelching in the mud as he went.

Soon he came to a suburb. Passing a petrol station he saw an opulent car. A brown man in a turban stood conversing with the garage employee.

In the back of the car reclined an Indian lady. Well bolstered with splendid cushions she lay, bedizened with ruby and topaz, her lids half closed, idly playing with a pretty fat-looking handbag.

Frangipan stood watching a moment. "What vulgar taste."

Then he approached the car and stuck his head through the window. "I say."

The switching of the lady's orbs upon him was comparable to the highest technical stunts of concealed lighting in the best of modern picture-palaces.

"Could you tell me the way to Aintree?"

The lady gestured with her pretty fat-looking handbag.

"Thank you so much," said Frangipan and, removing the handbag with courteous reluctance, boarded a tram and made for the city.

WHEN he reached the fifth he was getting a little tired, so he rapped commandingly on the side of the boat. A white face appeared over the edge. "What the blazes . . ."

IN Liverpool he visited a suit-while-you-wait tailor's. When he emerged the felt hat and raincoat, replaced by a pearl-grey topper and morning-coat, were now nestling in a tidy box under his arm. Having bought an empty binocular case at a pawnbroker's, he hired a taxi and joined the throng *en route* for Aintree.

At the race-course he headed for a notice marked MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE. To someone demanding a ticket he announced the first august local name that entered his head. "Earl of Birkenhead."

The press of cars, the milling crowd, the sporting colours. If you have been to the races, ignoble reader, you have seen it all. If you have not, there is a piece of historical datum, once a fashionable joke, then a hackneyed one, now, alas, a mere sliver of the past, called Frith's Derby Day; be well advised to study it.

Fashion, Beauty and Wealth. The charlatans, the tipsters, the bookmakers.

But particularly the bookmakers.

Frangipan's lean nose twitched.

"Mark yer card, sir?"

"On the contrary." He flung the fellow a shilling, and took one. "I am quite capable of marking it myself."

He ran his eye over the card. Soon he came to what he was looking for.

Now, pursing his lips, he scanned the crowd. He made his choice, and approached an elderly man with a bilberry nose. "Spotted any winners?"

The elderly man shook his bilberry. "Not me. What about you?"

"I'm waiting."

The other glanced sharply at him. "You've got something?"

Frangipan nodded.

"The National?"

"Fools." He made a deprecatory gesture. "Too gross for me. Besides," he added, "with so many in it, there is more chance of something unforeseen happening. No." He turned the pages of his race-card and pointed an elegant glove. "Here is my race."

The elderly eyebrows went up. "Only six starters?"

Frangipan nodded again. "It's a walkover."

Elderly eyes crossed above the bilberry. "Would it be a presumption to ask——?"

"My dear sir, you can scarcely expect me to . . ."

The other reached for his wallet. Then he looked at Frangipan's morning-coat and topper. His hand came away empty.

Then, with frank demeanour, Frangipan drew him close. "I'll explain. You look a sympathetic sort of fellow. This is my trouble. I've an absolute snippet for the race in question. The only drawback is, I'm a bit, er, short, you understand. Lost it all on the last. So as one devil-may-care chap to another: how about a gamble? Entirely your own judgment, of course," as the other looked doubtful. "In the event of a win, all I require is an insignificant percentage. In the event of a loss, well, . . ." he spread his hands, "I am willing to grin and bear up."

"What is your selection?"

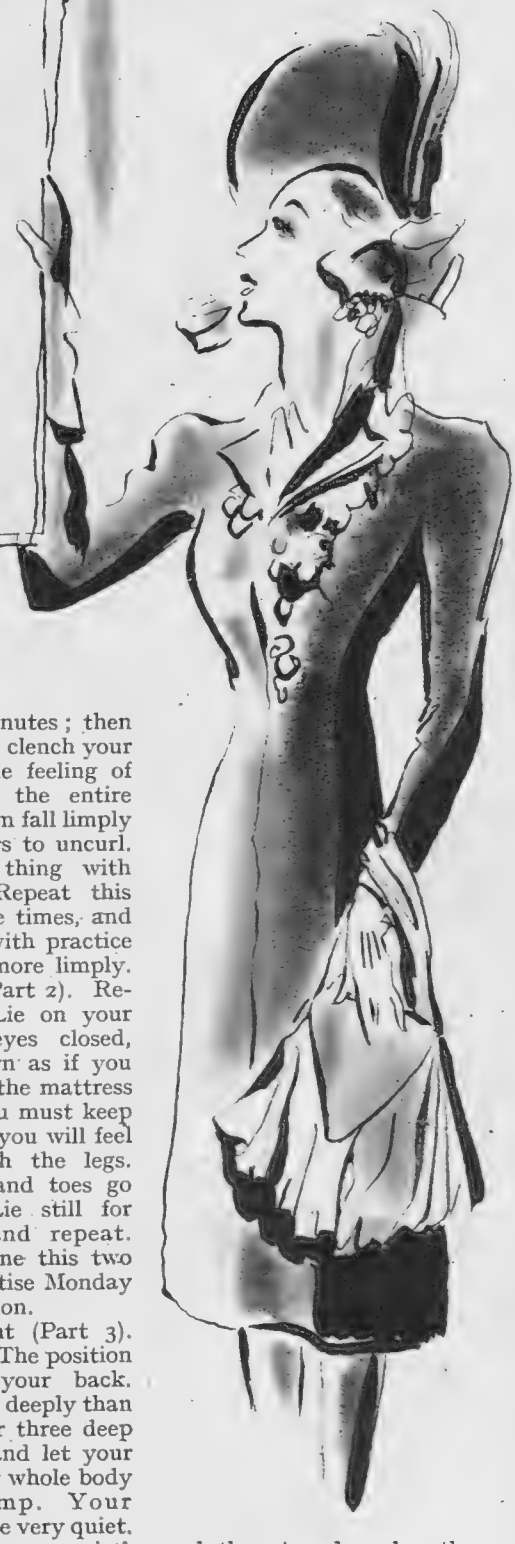
"Number Three," said Frangipan promptly. "Human Document. Dead cert."

"Three?" The bilberry trembled (*Continued on page* 58)

It is a funny thing that optimism should be considered a sign of thoughtless stupidity, whereas the pessimist can always be sure of a serious hearing. You may honestly believe in the joys of peace and a rosy future after Victory, but if you dare to voice such a belief you must resign yourself to being regarded as a silly, feather-brained creature.

Optimism is only tolerated in very young or very old people, and no one objects to a pretty woman being optimistic, especially if she is a blonde. But to acquire a reputation as a really intelligent woman all you need to do is to wear a tiny frown above serious eyes and say in a sombre voice, "Ah, yes, our real troubles will begin with peace." This one sentence opens up entrancingly gloomy vistas, both political and social. You yourself will immediately be regarded as a well-educated woman whose opinions are worth listening to, and a good time will be had by all.

Jane Gordon



ON DUTY—AND OFF

WHAT we need is a lot of good, sound sleep to counteract the chronic war fatigue from which most of us are suffering.

Sleep can be graded into many different categories. It can be too heavy or too light, restless, tense, emotional, dreamy or nightmarish. The trouble with wartime sleep is that you are apt to wake up feeling tired, and even when the strain is all over it is going to be very difficult to learn how to relax once more into the right kind of sleep.

Some time ago an American doctor worked out a formula for restful sleep. The routine is divided into six parts, each designed to teach you relaxation.

Supposing your relaxation course took you just under a week, it would work out as follows:

MONDAY night (Part 1). Relax in the arms. Settle yourself in bed, lie on your back, close your eyes, remain quiet for several minutes; then raise your right arm, clench your hand and notice the feeling of tension throughout the entire arm. Now let the arm fall limply and allow the fingers to uncurl. Next do the same thing with your left arm. Repeat this routine two or three times, and you will find that with practice your arm will fall more limply.

TUESDAY night (Part 2). Relax in the legs. Lie on your back with your eyes closed, bend both feet down as if you are trying to touch the mattress with your toes. You must keep your knees flat and you will feel the tension through the legs. Then let the feet and toes go limp suddenly. Lie still for several minutes and repeat. When you have done this two or three times, practise Monday night's arm relaxation.

WEDNESDAY night (Part 3). Relaxed breathing. The position is the same—on your back. Breathe a little more deeply than usual, taking two or three deep breaths; then try and let your chest, legs and your whole body become quite limp. Your breathing will become very quiet. Continue breathing very quietly, and then try deep breaths again. Follow this by the leg-and-arm relaxation routine.

THURSDAY night (Part 4). Before you go to bed stand before your mirror, wrinkle your forehead, raise the eyebrows, then let go gradually and stop frowning. When you get into bed, practise this again, but with the eyes closed. While relaxing the forehead and brows, let your arms and legs go just limp without the tensing routine. In other words, do not raise the arms or bend the toes, and don't do deep breathing.

FRIDAY night (Part 5). Relaxing the eyes. Lie on your back, open your eyes, look straight ahead of you into the darkness, then look to the right, then straight ahead, then to the left, then up and then down. When you have done this exercise five or six times, relax your eyes and don't bother to look in any direction. Allow your lids to close without any effort.

SATURDAY night (Part 6). Relaxing the speech muscles. To-night you are allowed to settle yourself comfortably into your favourite sleeping position. Count aloud up to ten and notice the effort it causes you; then relax and stop counting for several minutes. Now count (*Continued on page* 62)

A NEW KITCHEN AT THE OLD ADDRESS

BY WINIFRED LEWIS

1. Cupboard units, incorporating the refrigerator, have here been assembled along one wall. The cooker is at one end near the sink. The lower cupboard on the right of the cooker gives an extra working surface.

2. In this instance the unit under the window includes a sink with spacious draining-boards on either side. The modern gas-cooker is placed at right-angles to it, with an intervening section for hanging kitchen towels.

3. Still another arrangement of these convertible units. The refrigerator is on the left and storage cupboards are ranged along the wall above the working surface. Metal racks for vegetables are arranged in tiers below.

IN the ideal world, every woman would have a dream house after the war, but in the world of reality there will be plenty who, for various reasons, will have to make do with the old home. The best to hope for is that out-of-date houses can be adapted and reinforced so as to share the amenities which the newest houses are to enjoy.

Foreseeing this, Jane Drew, an English woman architect, has set herself the task of designing interchangeable kitchen units which can be introduced into existing houses, giving the old kitchen new life and a much higher standard of efficiency.

Units specially designed for the purpose of converting big, old houses into flats, or, in fact, for modernising any kitchen of any size and shape, have been on view to the public at a London exhibition. All these standard units can be arranged according to individual needs. The pictures on these pages show working samples of this equipment, which, it is expected, will be put into full production directly circumstances permit.

4. This all-in-one unit incorporates all the essential kitchen apparatus, including sink, gas cooker, refrigerator, water heater and roomy storage cupboards.

5. Units of this description can easily be placed wherever the lay-out of the individual kitchen permits. Glass-fronted compartments underneath are for dry groceries.

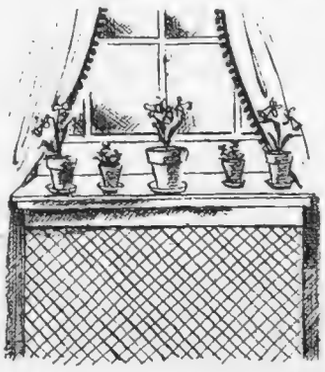
6. Any suitable number of units can be combined, according to space and needs. In this case, four separate wall-sections and a cupboard unit fill the whole of one wall.

7. The small kitchen is catered for, too. One full-length cupboard, a wall fitting and a store cupboard with working surface are combined as one.

CENTRE-PIECE

Place three shallow porcelain bowls—of the same shape but of varying sizes—one inside the other. Fill the bottom two with water, and, according to the season, float flower-heads of mixed colours, or medium-sized leaves, painted to tone with the room's decoration. In the top bowl, place a quantity of damp sand, into which, at varying depths, should be stuck candles, preferably coloured. With the electric light turned off, the effect is fascinating.

HIDING THE RADIATOR



A radiator's appearance may be improved, without reducing heat and efficiency, by building a latticed wood screen round it. This should be made of some heat-resisting wood, and may be gilded externally.

Another way of partly masking a radiator is to fix a shelf (lined asbestos) some inches above it. Ornaments or flowers, prettily arranged, will tend to draw the eye from the ugliness below.

A TWO

ACT I. A CONSULTING-ROOM

CHARACTERS:
Mrs. 32 • Miss 21

MRS. 55: Well, it is a relief to think that spring is really here. I got through winter with one attack of bronchitis, one internal chill and a cold or two. Not bad for me. The trouble is the colds have left me with a morning cough and catarrh.

CHRYSIS: The cough is nature's endeavour to rid your body of the catarrhal mucus, so help it in its job by gargling with a weak solution of bicarbonate of soda and expel as much mucus as you can each morning. Do this last thing at night too, and deep-breathing exercises. Have your pillows high—this will lessen the congestion in throat and nose. Lessen the starches in your diet and give your body, with diet and dosing, an internal spring cleansing.

MRS. 40: That is what I need, I think. My system feels all clogged up. My heart leaps at the sight of blossom, but my legs sag. I've no energy.

CHRYSIS: Yes, spring cleansing is what you want. The lack of sunshine in the winter robs your body of some of its natural energies, but, in addition, winter diet adds superfluous tissues to the body and toxins to the blood. You could do with a week's semi-starvation—on fruit juices, if possible.

MRS. 40: I can't get fruit juices, and I can't spend much time on my diet.

CHRYSIS: No, but you can drink a glass of hot water on rising. You can do an ovenful of very thin toast. You can do without the heavy, starchy porridges, puddings, buns and between-meal snacks. For lunch, have a vegetable salad, with carrots, turnips, onions grated raw, cabbage shredded raw, beetroots, potatoes cooked and diced, lettuce and watercress as the background. You can have salad-dressing on it, and cheese, cold meat or fish with it. At night keep the vegetables to the fore and cut out all spiced, pickled or rich, savoury dishes. Cut out sauces and gravies; keep your meat simple, your fish steamed. If you have any dried or bottled fruits, use them, or a simple junket or milk pudding. Go to bed early every other night. Drink water between meals. And do some deep breathing.

MRS. 32: My trouble is that I get a spring fever for cleaning, gardening, sewing for the summer; my energies run away with me, and I am afraid I am wearing myself out.

CHRYSIS: Don't worry about it. Energy seems to generate energy if the body is healthy and well. Do your headlong rush—but stop it the minute your body feels tired. You are at an age when you can keep your body in excellent repair by a little thought. Start your after-lunch rest when you are working hard, as you say you are doing now. Keep your feet in good order—tired feet make a tired body.

MISS 21: Tired feet? I wish I had a chance to get tired feet! In the spring, I long for the fresh beauty of out-of-doors, and am shut up in an office for eight hours a day.

CHRYSIS: Well, take lunch-times in the park or your nearest open-air spot. Spend evenings out of doors, and all of your week-ends. Keep the dull days for any indoor hobbies or lunch-time shopping, for cinemas, shows and visiting, and you will be surprised how much more time you will have out of doors.

MISS 21: It sounds rather fun. Eat my supper in the back garden, do the Sunday dinner chores on the veranda . . .

CHRYSIS: That's the idea. And bike or hike to work instead of bus or tramming it.

Miss Twenty-One

Mrs. Thirty-Two

MORNING

You wake, and you yawn.

All night your body has been functioning at a slower rate, your breathing, your circulation, have been at a restful pace, your muscles have been relaxed. Now you want the blood to pep up and race through your body, so that your limbs are ready to function well and happily.

So, as you yawn, stretch. Stretch actively; make sure that you stretch every tiny joint from your little toe to your finger. Finger and toe joints are stretched by clenching the fist and the toes. So clench your fist and your toes, and stretch and yawn as hard as you can. Then relax. In this way, the blood courses through your limbs again at a wakeful pace, and you are in

ACT PLAY

ACT II. THE BEAUTY PARLOUR

Mrs. 55 • Mrs. 40
Chrysis

CHRYSIS : Here we are in the beauty salon.

MRS. 55 : Beauty ?—I 'm past thinking about that even in spring.

CHRYSIS : Dear Mrs. 55, you have two alternatives : either you can be a nondescript blot on the landscape or you can be a pleasure to look at.

MRS. 55 : I hate mutton posing as lamb.

CHRYSIS : Nor is it any pleasure to see such a thing. But perfectly-groomed hair, a faint flush (natural or not) on cheeks, lips that are a soft, rose tone, skin that has been well groomed, too, with a good foundation (liquid) under your powder—these make for an attractive appearance at your age. And remember that you must have a good corset on, even if you are slim. You must keep your shoes comfortable so that your stride can be free and youthful.

MRS. 55 : And beauty salons ?

CHRYSIS : Occasional visits are invaluable, as they set you a standard.

MRS. 40 : I always feel younger than my years in the spring. I want to go flighty, have a new hair-do, a red dress, a new make-up. And then I have to say, " Hold on, old girl ! "

CHRYSIS : Nonsense. Have your red dress, if your figure is slim enough. Have a new hair-do—there are dozens that are not juvenile and will suit you. A new make-up is a good thing for every age.

MRS. 40 : But surely there are some beauty taboos—for my age ?

CHRYSIS : You want to avoid those things that bring out your worst features—whether they are due to age or nature—and accent your best ones. Never ape anything that is beyond you, at any age. But don't fuss about that grey streak—have it skilfully tinted. You 'll look and feel years younger. Keep the foundations of your beauty solidly cared for—an eye on your waistline and figure, care of your facial contours, attention to your eyes. You can keep your beauty stationary for at least ten years more.

MRS. 32 : In the spring sunshine, I seem to spot dozens of new lines, an ageing of my skin, dullness of my hair.

CHRYSIS : If you can have a few special treatments at a salon, do so. Just to start you caring for yourself. If not, pile on the skin-food, and splash on the skin tonic. Give your hair a good course of tonic and special oil shampoos. I can give you an address where you can get these for home treatment. Let your hair get fresh air and sunshine too. Dry, brush and comb it in the sun and fresh air whenever possible this year.

MISS 21 : My spring problem is spots. Out they come like the primroses and cowslips.

CHRYSIS : You need to take the internal cleansing advised in the consulting-room. A good course of sulphur is very good too. Drink plenty of water between meals. For an external treatment, you can get a special acne ointment and lotion. If you have a greasy skin, there is a medical powder which you can put on your face at night. Keep your powder-puff washed daily and rinsed in antiseptic. But more than anything—look to your diet : watercress, lettuce and raw heart of cabbage are your best foods for clearing your skin.

MISS 21 : How can I when I am working in an office ?

CHRYSIS : Lots of girls eat a sandwich and a punnet of watercress for their lunch if there is no good restaurant near. Or a lettuce, cheese and bread and butter. And, if you do have a spot, cover it with pink sticking-plaster and leave it alone. Now I must go. I hope I have helped you all.

Mrs. Fifty-Five

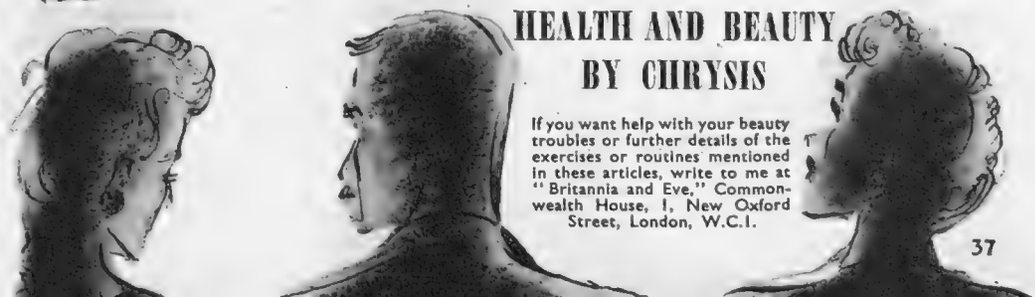
Mrs. Forty

YAWNING

a fit condition to get up and start your work.

This limber-up of the body on rising is good for your body and all its organs. How many women have experienced the black-out or dizziness of a sudden leap out of bed to daytime activity before the body has been conditioned to such activity by a stretch, a yawn and a gradual rising ? If you do the stretch and yawn wisely, there will be no need to go slow for the first quarter of an hour.

In the same way, a stretch and a yawn before you go to sleep at night is the best way to switch over to night-time tempo ; it is the comma before the full-stop of sleep. It gets the kinks of the day out of your muscles and joints and allows you to relax thoroughly.



HEALTH AND BEAUTY BY CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of the exercises or routines mentioned in these articles, write to me at " Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

I NURSED HER MYSELF

IT is partly true that nurses are born, not made. If you have not the temperament for the kind of service which sick nursing demands, nothing will give it to you in full measure, but there are times in every woman's life when the ability to nurse a sick person with competence and confidence is a most reassuring thing for both.

Good amateur nursing calls for a rudimentary knowledge of sick-room routine. This means comfort for the patient and enough knowledge of symptoms and danger signals to ensure prompt action and give the patient the moral support which contributes so much to recovery.

In brief, what a doctor requires of you as the person in charge of his patient is to keep the sick person quiet, comfortable and reassured; to observe carefully and intelligently the symptoms which come and go; to report the rise and fall of the temperature and the times at which changes take place. Above all, to report these matters concisely to him without panicky exaggeration and without understatement.

What the patient requires of a nurse is the ability, within reason, to put yourself in her place and thus to anticipate her needs; to be calm and quiet in movements about the sick-room and to carry out all the service of practical nursing, such as washing and bed-making, rapidly and competently, so as not to increase fatigue.

BED-MAKING. If the patient can get out of bed, see that the room temperature is comfortably warm, wrap her in a blanket and settle her in an easy chair.

Strip the bed, remake it as rapidly as possible. Put fresh hot-water bottles in place and return the patient to bed with a hot drink.

If the patient is too ill to get out of bed, fill the hot-water bottles before starting the bed-making. Strip off the top clothes and cover the patient with an extra blanket. Roll her gently over to one side of the bed, putting the pillow under her head.

Smooth the unoccupied side of the bed and shake it free of crumbs. Tuck in neatly at the side, top and bottom, and gently turn the patient over to the made side. Repeat the operation on the other half. Shake and restore the pillows to the centre and settle the patient on her pillows. Remove the protective blanket and return the top covers as quickly as possible.

If the bottom sheet has to be changed, the patient should be turned on to one side after the top covers have been removed. From the opposite side of the bed, the soiled sheet is rolled, lengthwise, towards the centre, close to the patient.

The clean under-sheet, also rolled in half lengthwise to the centre, is placed in position with the roll close to the roll of the soiled sheet. Smooth out and tuck in at the top, bottom and side of the free half of the clean sheet.

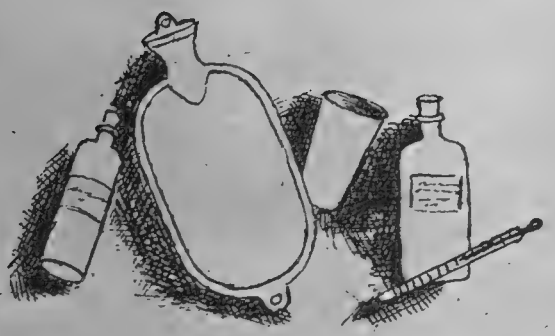
Turn the patient carefully on to the made side. Draw out the dirty sheet from the opposite side of the bed. Then draw through and unroll the second half of the clean one. Tuck in and replace the top covers as quickly as possible.

TAKING A TEMPERATURE. The degrees of temperature marked on a thermometer are from 95 to 110 degrees. A black mark against these figures and those between indicate the degrees. The space between each degree is divided into five, each section of which represents two points. That is to say, there are ten points between each degree, so that if the top of the mercury column has passed the black line marked, say, 99 degrees, and extends to two of the smaller marked divisions beyond, the temperature reading is 99·4 degrees.

Before taking a temperature, wash the thermometer in a cold solution of disinfectant. The thermometer should then be sharply shaken to bring the mercury column down before inserting it under the tongue, or, in certain cases, under the armpit. It must be left for at least three minutes before the reading is taken.

A normal temperature is 98 to 98·8 degrees. A temperature below 97 degrees is sub-normal, and should be taken as seriously as one above.

FEEDING THE PATIENT. This requires as much tact as it calls for skill in preparing the food. Remember that eating is more a duty than a pleasure to the person who is really ill.



The perfect nurse combines the qualities of gentleness with the sure touch of discipline and self-confidence. She is sympathetic but not indulgent, smooth in movement but not irritatingly hush-hush. She is calm, reassuring, yet hardly noticeable.

The perfect patient realises her own efforts at recovery are all-important, but that now she is subject to discipline. She follows instructions, thinks as little about her condition as discomforts allow, and strikes the middle course between the type who refuses to admit temporary helplessness and the one who is out to make helplessness last.

Never discuss meals with the patient. Nothing is more likely to destroy what appetite she may have than a prolonged discourse on what she would or would not like to eat. The surprise aspect of mealtime is an important stimulus.

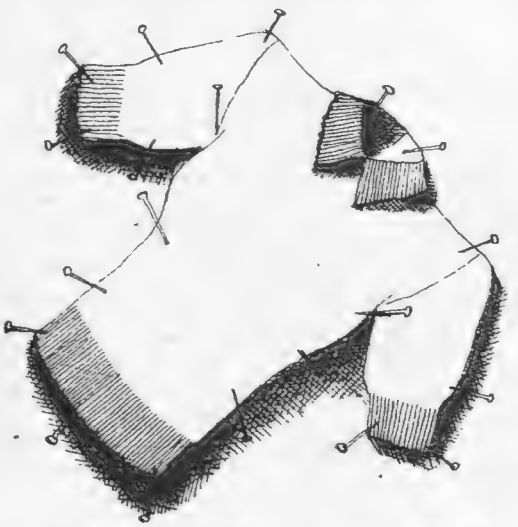
In many cases, the variety of the food will be largely restricted by diet conditions. In this case, monotony is likely to prove a problem, and it is important that the food, whatever it may be, should be attractively served. Small portions should be served as delicately as ingenuity can contrive. Even when no diet has been ordered, avoid bulky foods. Heavy meals are quite unsuitable for a person who is lying in bed and taking no exercise. An invalid cookery book is a valuable possession for every home nurse. Light, tasty dishes, even new flavouring or a touch of colouring for a familiar dish, will give that extra interest to appetite when the patient is hard to feed.

THE SICK-ROOM. Keeping the sick-room neat, comfortable and restful to the eye is the nurse's first charge. If the illness is likely to last more than a few days, the room should be thoroughly reorganised to meet the patient's comfort and well-being and the nurse's convenience. It may be necessary to remove the sick person into another bedroom unless the one already in use is cheerful, well ventilated, adequately heated, near to the bathroom and not over-furnished.

Clear out superfluous furniture and ornaments.

This clearance gives the room a more restful appearance. It is more hygienic, too, since there are fewer things to trap dust and germs. Cleaning the sick-room is also simplified to the advantage of the nurse and patient.

In infectious cases, strip the room of all but necessities. Adjust the lighting so that there is light where you most need it, but none to worry the patient's eyes. Flowers are a great help to morale, but keep them fresh and well watered, and always remove them from the room at night.



HOW TO DRY A JUMPER

To wash a wool jumper and retain its perfect shapeliness, try this way of drying it.

Pin the wet garment on to a thick sheet of paper and arrange it carefully to shape. Take the measurements from top to bottom and from side to side before washing, and stretch it to these measurements when wet.

After pinning quite flat, lay the paper between two clean towels. Pin these together and lay the whole thing flat on the floor underneath a rug near to a radiator or a fire. Replace the rug and leave the jumper there to be walked on for twenty-four hours. When it is taken out, it is perfectly pressed and only needs airing.

DRESS: BY JEAN BURNUP

Editor Women's Department

Gabrielle Brune, cabaret and musical-comedy star, photographed for "Britannia and Eve" before leaving England to entertain troops. She wears her new Rahvis coat and hat—yes, that 's the hat, behind the hair. Her double-breasted coat is fine black cloth, with flat, velvet seamings, wide a la Regency lapels and black velvet collar.

1. Grey jersey cloth, with take-on-and-off white collar and cuffs, showing an unusual arrangement of freedom bodice pleating, leading through to the skirt pleats, with slit pockets. The bodice has a yoke at back, with a wide-action pleat. Brown suede belt with twin buckles. *Wolsey.*

2. Black crepe two-piece, proclaiming the new femininity now sweeping the dress world, with its low, cross-over neckline, bodice drapery and small-waist emphasis achieved by a very full basque gathered into a petersham band over a narrow skirt. *Rima.*

3. Roomy, unbelted top-coats, to wear over suits or dresses, town or country, now appear in all lengths—three-quarter, seven-eighths, reefer. This fine Utility specimen in woollen fabric, half-lined, has outsize pockets. The back swings slightly from an interesting yoke. *Harella.*

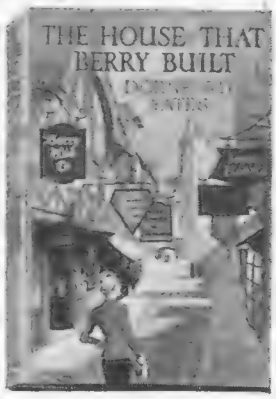
Further details of these clothes on application

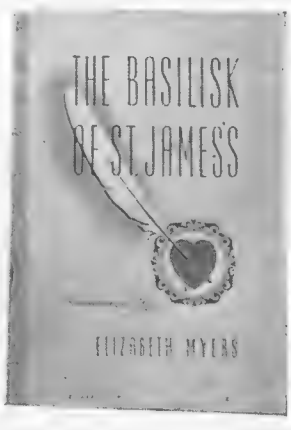
Books: *Reviewed by Trevor Allen*

HOW that literary wholesaler, Alexandre Dumas, found time to "ghost" the voluminous travels of a cultivated Frenchwoman of a century ago is a matter for wonder; but he did so, evidently from her detailed notes, in "The Journal of Madame Giovanni" (Hammond, 12s. 6d.), admirably translated from the French edition of 1856 by Mrs. Marguerite E. Wilbur. This vivacious girl of twenty, after marrying a Venetian merchant, set out with him on a ten-year trip to Australia, New Zealand, the Pacific isles, 'Frisco, the California goldfields and Mexico, making contacts as varied as Tasmanian convicts, Maori chieftains, a Tahiti queen, Hawaii hula-hula girls, tough goldminers of the Sierra Nevada, and Mexican bandits. What she got out of this exotic jaunt in the 'forties and 'fifties will divert and delight every woman with a passion for travel after five years of the butcher, baker, grocer, and, kitchen sink.

ANOTHER wanderlust book for the homebound is "Arabesque" (Hutchinson, 18s.), the autobiography of H.R.H. Princess Musbah Haidar, daughter of the ex-Grand Sheriff of Mecca and his English wife, Isabel Dunn, whose father, the Mirali Col. Dunn Bey, served the Turkish Government as armament specialist. Her account of life at Chamlujah, the home of ancient Mohammedan royalty on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, makes the mouth water as with Turkish delight; so do some of the chapter-heads: "The Harem consider that Elinor Glyn is tame," "Musbah loses her tonsils—and Emina has difficulty with her bosom," "A night at the Palace," "The morning after . . . !" etc. Still we do learn quite a lot about harems, court ceremonial, Arab folk, customs. I commend this, too, as a colourful antidote to the kitchen sink.

NOT many authors would have the courage to beat the big drum and say of themselves: ". . . listen to Saroyan. He's for you. Stick with him. Pay no attention to the speech-maker. Know the politician for a crook. String along with a poet." That is how Mr. William Saroyan introduces his "Razzle Dazzle: The Human Opera, Ballet and Circus" (Faber, 8s. 6d.), a collection of wildly unorthodox plays interspersed with autobiography. Crazy, of course; wilfully Saroyanic; but always mentally exciting and stimulating. One depicts a group of Americans about to be born, and wondering why, since they have foreknowledge of their lives on earth, though they will lose it at birth. The ferment of ideas is terrific. Walk up, walk up, and see the Fresno Wonder! String along with a genius—*if* you can make the grade.





RAGGED ROBYN

IT is long since we heard from that rare and sensitive writer, Mr. Oliver Onions, but the craftsman of "Little Devil Doubt" and "Good Boy Seldom" can still write most of us clean off the bookstalls. His hand has lost none of its cunning.

"The Story of Ragged Robyn" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.), inspired by the old song-legend, tells of a vengeful curse on a boy who becomes implicated in a feud of smuggler gangs in the Lincolnshire of long ago, how it haunt his youth and finds tragic fulfilment seven years later. Robyn Skyrme, wood-carver and stone-mason, is an exquisite creation. There is poetry and lyrical beauty in Fenscape and farm and village life in Cromwellian days, and the love Robyn finds in his doomed pilgrimage. This tale enchanted me, as did Chris Massie's "Pity My Simplicity." No one who thinks of the English novel at its best as a fine art, and not merely as merchandise, should miss this work of an Old Master.

THERE is no limit to the amount of armchair travelling one can do with this month's novels. In "The Sands of Sylt" (Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.), Mr. Maurice Griffiths, in those ominous months before the war, takes us in a 12-ton yacht cruiser to secret waters behind the Schleswig islands, where sinister adventures—culminating in the discovery of the mystery parachute mine—befall David Creston and his friend Martin. This thriller voyage, with its Nazi drama, has a special appeal to yachting folk—Burnham-on-Crouch and all that.

TRANSYLVANIA, Buda, and Vienna of the past century form the main background to Mr. Paul Tabori's "Two Forests" (Hodder & Stoughton, 9s. 6d.), the story of a violinist, half Scot, half Hungarian, who meets tragedy, as a boy, in the Kossuth rebellion, and thereafter is strung between the two conflicting worlds of music and politics. Mr. Tabori writes of Gabriel Gordon's life and loves—and incidentally of the Empress Elizabeth, Garibaldi, and famous musicians who figure in the narrative—with romantic passion. He is not afraid of high emotional colour, and will absorb those who like full-blooded stories about unusual people.

THE Japanese war, and especially the Burma retreat through Chinese eyes, is Mrs. Pearl S. Buck's theme in "The Promise" (Methuen, 8s. 6d.). Her chief characters: a young Chinese officer who fights in the campaign; the Chinese girl he loves, who serves there in charge of nurses. The story, written with "Good Earth" simplicity, emphasizes the need for Anglo-U.S.-Chinese understanding, but I doubt if this is helped by her presentation of the British officer in Burma as an "Awfully," "Frightfully" kind of Burlington Bertie. Her Chinese are real: her British almost as stagey as the stage-Irishman. Seac should invite Mrs. Buck to go and meet our Burma boys and modernize her ideas.

MISS ELIZABETH MYERS takes us back to Queen Anne's London in "The Basilisk of St. James's" (Chapman & Hall, 9s. 6d.), a bionovel about Swift and Vanessa from the time he became Tory scribe and felled Marlborough with a caustic pamphlet, "The Conduct of the Allies." She makes of the fiery Dean a fascinating character, haunted by fear of love and madness; exults in the intrigues of Court, Grub Street, politicians, pamphleteers, the reek of eighteenth-century alleys, taverns, gaming-houses, brothels. The book abounds in Hogarthian touches, startling in a lady of such literary quality who gave us "A Well Full of Leaves" and now shrinks not even from a cesspool full of dead cats.

"All men are fools about some women. Most men are fools about all women," says Ariel Laurens in "Love and Ariel" (Hale, 9s. 6d.). When her lover, who tells this anonymous story of her life, is manœuvring for marriage (after divorce, of course), she quotes from Balzac's "Cousine Bette": "Who (*Continued on page 64*)

Many will welcome the old-style seaside holiday: a pre-war scene of the beach at Teignmouth, a South Devon resort

How To Spend Your Holiday

By Wilma Buckley

OUT with those stored-away spades and buckets; out with that attic-bound shrimping net, the waders, the picnic basket, the fishing-rods . . . Hayseeds in the hair again and a good time to be had by all, for holidays are really going to mean something this year. Even the most conscientious worker can feel that he or she has rightly earned a vacation and would, in fact, be making an error of judgment in not taking one.

Those much-sloganed, patriotic "holidays at home" may legitimately be exchanged for something further afield, and, with the welcome lifting of coastal bans, old-style seaside holidays can be sought again. Our seaside landladies—deserving of support after so many meagre years—have been making strenuous preparations for the return of their visitors; up and down the coast there have been such carpet-beatings, scrubbings and polishings; such a washing and ironing and draping of lace curtains, a polishing of windows, as have not been seen for many a long time.

MOUNTAIN climbing in North Wales; walks in the Lake District; boating on the Norfolk Broads, fishing in Scotland; bathing and sun-bathing and picnicking on the beaches of Devon, Cornwall and the south coast . . . it is good to think of such things again. The public-spirited, who feel a longing to break away from their urban chains, in factory, shop or office, will enjoy working on a farm; leading an intensely active, 100 per cent outdoor life in cheerful company, pleased in the knowledge that they are helping with food production and harvesting.

(Above) Others will enjoy working on a farm

(On left) The Norfolk Broads will attract many

(Below) And a ramble in the Lake District will appeal to the sturdy

Fatigue has sometimes driven people to exclaim: "I should like to spend my holiday resting in bed!" Well . . . why not? If domestic arrangements (more likely than not) make this impracticable in one's own house, a rest cure in a country nursing home or rest home will immensely benefit any one who is physically and mentally tired out. Why not a week spent lying in bed, windows wide open to admit fresh, country air; enjoying the quiet, the meals brought up on trays, the sense of being looked after? Followed by a week of getting up and about again, in an effortless way, building up for a return to a workaday life? Or a stay in a spa such as Bath, where the amenities of a normal vacation, in attractive surroundings, can be so conveniently combined with curative baths and treatment of a generally tonic and restorative nature (apart from the healing of specific ailments)—not to mention the drinking of those far-from-unpleasant waters

THE holiday at home, undertaken in a spirit of deliberate preference rather than from a sense of civic discipline, can well be very restful. From the woman's point of view, however, it is no holiday at all unless she can arrange for someone to come in daily to do the "chores." This point once being settled, staying at home—with a new sense of leisure—will certainly provide a change in routine. The money that would have been spent on travelling, hotels or rooms, can be laid out on (*a*) help in the house, (*b*) meals in restaurants and (*c*) theatres, cinemas and amusements. There will be, at last, time to potter in the garden, to linger pleasurably on personal shopping expeditions (instead of rushing through the usual housewife's round with one desperate eye on the clock); time to lie down and rest, to laze in an armchair or deck-chair and read—or just do nothing; to pay visits and (*Continued on page* 64)

Classic Sweater

MATERIALS

4 oz. of La Laine 2-ply in a pastel shade ; 1 pr. of No. 10 and 1 pr. of No. 12 knitting needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from the top of shoulder to lower edge, 19½ ins. ; across back and front underarms, 17 ins. ; sleeve length from shoulder to lower edge, 9 ins.

THE FRONT

With No. 12 knitting needles, cast on 104 sts.

Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 2½ ins. Change to No. 10 needles and work in the following pattern :—

1st row.—P. 1, * k. 3, p. 2, k. 1, p. 2, k. 3, p. 2 ; rep. from * ending p. 1 (instead of p. 2).

2nd row.—K. 1, * p. 1, s. 1, p. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 2, p. 1, s. 1, p. 1, k. 2 ; rep. from * ending k. 1 (instead of k. 2).

3rd row.—P. 1, * k. 1, s. 1, k. 1, p. 2, k. 1, p. 2, k. 1, s. 1, k. 1, p. 2 ; rep. from * ending p. 1 (instead of p. 2).

4th row.—As 2nd row. These 4 rows form patt. Work 1 in. then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 134 sts. Work without further shaping until 12½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 108 sts. remain. Work 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Work 48 sts, cast off 12 sts., work 48 sts. Work on the last set of 48 sts. for 2 ins., at the same time, dec. 1 st. every neck edge row until 33 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 11 sts. at beg. of next 3 armhole end rows. Return to the first 48 sts. and work to correspond.

THE BACK

Work as for the front until 4 ins. after armhole shaping, then divide sts. for the back (*Continued on page* 66)

Fair Isle Bolero

MATERIALS

5 oz. of Copley's 3-ply Excelsior wool for main colour ; 1½ oz. for contrast ; 1 pr. each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles.

MEASUREMENTS

From top of shoulder to lower edge, 18 ins. ; across the back underarms, 18 ins. ; across the front underarms (including edge) 9½ ins. ; sleeve from shoulder to lower edge, 11 ins.

THE BACK

With No. 10 knitting needles cast on 110 sts.

Rib as follows :—

1st row.—* K. 2, p. 2 ; rep. from * to end.

2nd row.—P. Work in patt. for 2 ins. Then inc. 1 st. each end at beg. and end of next and every following 4th row until 120 sts. Continue without further shaping until 8 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Then dec. 1 st. at beg. and end of every row until 98 sts. remain. Work until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows.

Cast off remaining sts.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 84 sts. Work 1 in. in rib. Change to No. 10 needles. Work 6 rows, then inc. 1 st. at each end of the next and every following 4th row until there are 96 sts. and sleeves measure 5 ins. from the cast-on edge. Then cast off 1 st. at beg. of every row until 48 sts. remain. Cast. off.

FRONT (Right)

With No. 10 needles, cast on 73 sts. Work 4 rows in rib **. Change to contrast wool (k. 1 row to change colour). Rib 2 rows. Change back to main colour. Work 2 rows st.st., (1 row k., 1 row p.). Now work (*Continued on page* 66)

I Learned A Lot

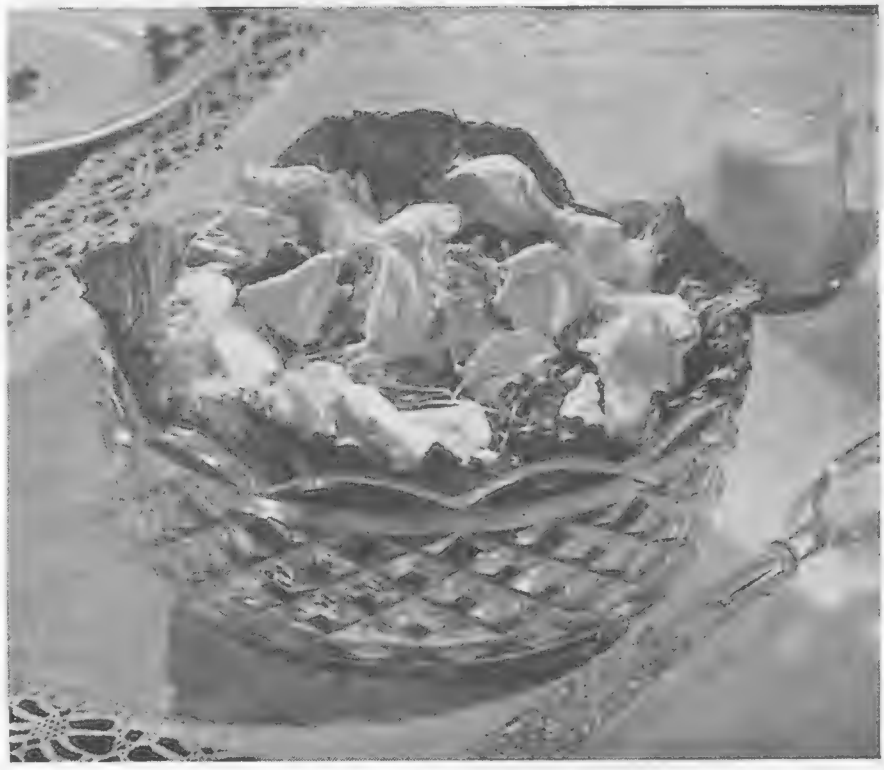
Four years of captivity in a German internment camp in France have taught me much. The British Red Cross organization saved us and with their wonderful parcels we could live reasonably well. All the recipes which follow, are of dishes made from ingredients contained in our parcels and therefore similar to the supplies available in the English shops. The recipes are naturally all of a makeshift kind, for we had no weights and measures. Our utensils, often home made, were primitive. For fuel anything and everything was utilized. Stoves burning balls of paper, cardboard and scrounged wood; smuggled spirit lamps, camp fires, tins containing ration grease with an improvised wick. After we had become somewhat organized, herbs, salads, tomatoes, radishes were available, for some enterprising people started little gardens dug out of the barrack yard, and later a few more ambitious vegetables were grown.

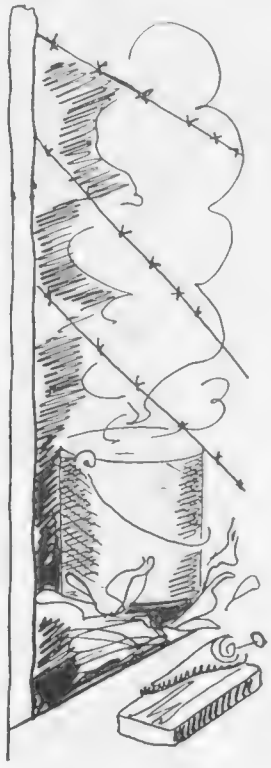
SPICED SARDINES

I used to take sardines in tomato sauce out of the tin, scraping off all the sauce. A chopped onion was fried, salt, pepper and a pinch of curry powder added, then the sauce from the tin, a little vinegar and water. After simmering for a few minutes, put the sardines in to get hot and serve on toast, or as a main dish with boiled or mashed potatoes.

SARDINE PASTE

Sardines mashed up with their own oil, salt, pepper, a small pinch of cayenne pepper and a little margarine. Work well to a smooth paste and add, just before using, a lot of chopped parsley, chives when available, or finely chopped shallot. A small clove of garlic, chopped and pounded to a pulp, is excellent if well worked into the paste, as is also a dash of Worcester sauce. The paste is served on dry biscuits or on canapés of fried or toasted bread.





SALMON SALAD

Take the salmon from the tin, remove the skin and bones and flake the fish into a dish back into the tin. Add to the fish, sliced cooked potato, apple, beetroot, whatever salad ingredients you may have, a tin of macedoine of vegetables washed first in cold water and well drained, also an onion finely chopped. Add salt and pepper.

For the dressing, add to the skin and bones, salt, pepper, a little prepared mustard, a few drops of tomato and Worcester sauce and vinegar to taste, mash together, pour over the salad through a strainer. Mix thoroughly and garnish with a few washed and dried green salad leaves.

STANDARD CURRY SAUCE

It is useful to know of a quickly made curry sauce, in which almost anything can be heated . . . left-over meat or fish; a tin of meat and vegetables or meat and macaroni; dried scrambled eggs.

Peel and chop finely 2 or 3 onions and 1 apple. Brown the onion in margarine or fat and add the apple. Cook together until the apple is soft, add salt and pepper and a sprinkling of flour. Stir together and add a tablespoonful or more, according to taste, of curry powder, and cook for 2 or 3 minutes. Put in a teaspoonful of soft sugar and 1 of jam, stir and add hot liquid which may be water, stock or a mixture. Do this, little by little, and stirring to have a smooth sauce which should just simmer. Add a small handful of raisins and simmer for about 10 minutes, when the sauce is ready to receive.

CHOCOLATE POTS

Mix together 1 tablespoonful cocoa powder, 1 dessertspoonful of arrowroot or Benger's Food, some dried milk powder and castor sugar. Mix so well that there are no lumps—the presence of the sugar helps to eliminate these—and add a little cold water to make a thick cream. Put this in a saucepan. Bring to the boil over a slow fire, stirring all the time. Now go on adding boiling water until you have a cream the consistency of very thick custard, stirring and beating all the time. Remove from the fire and stir until cool. Pour into little individual pots or custard glasses. Serve very cold.

CORNED BEEF GALETTE

For a tin of corned beef—when not available Spam or similar tinned meat—have about a pound of potatoes boiled in their skins. Peel the potatoes, chop them, chop up the beef and mix the two well together, adding salt and pepper. Peel and chop a large onion and fry in a little margarine, starting slowly with a lid over the frying pan, finishing more quickly with the lid off, to brown the onion, during which process you add a good pinch of curry powder.

Add the meat and potatoes, mix well, chopping again with a knife and forming the whole into a flat cake, pressing in all round from the edge of the pan, which you keep shaking, so that the galette is quite free.

Cook on a quick fire, shaking often until a thin blue smoke arises and the galette makes a kind of rustling noise as it slides about the pan. Brown the other side in the same way before sliding out into a plate or flat serving dish.

CREAMED VEGETABLES

Many vegetables can be treated in this way: potatoes, carrots, turnips, leeks, fresh or tinned. If fresh, they should be boiled first, and in any case well drained.

Put a nut of margarine in a saucepan with a tablespoonful of flour and work to a smooth paste over a slow fire. Add, little by little and beating all the time while the sauce goes on simmering, hot milk—dried or fresh—salt and pepper and a good quantity of chopped parsley and tarragon when available. Put in the vegetables, cover the saucepan and leave on a slow fire, shaking the pan often, until the vegetables are thoroughly hot. Just before serving add a teaspoonful or more, according to taste, of vinegar, shaking the pan vigorously. After adding the vinegar, the sauce should not boil.

When I Only Had Little

By ROBIN ADAIR

Our Pre-war Cookery Expert, who returns to these pages after Four Years in a German Internment Camp in France

(*Above*) *Dried scrambled eggs, served with curry sauce and rice*

(*Left*) *Salmon salad, flaked fish mixed with salad or vegetable left-overs*

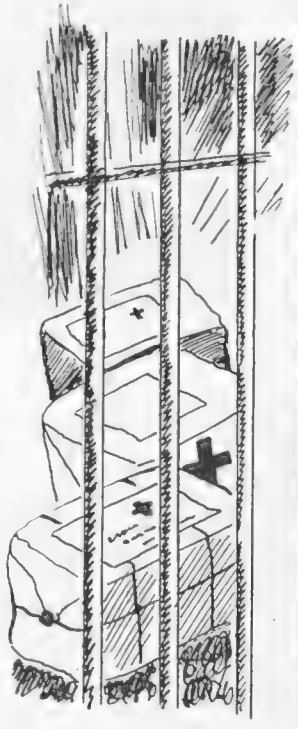
(*Below*) *Chocolate pots . . . a quickly made and delicious sweet*

COFFEE CREAM

If you have any stale or badly broken sweet biscuits crush them and roll them to a flour. Put this in a bowl and cover with some exceedingly strong, sweet black coffee, which will be absorbed by the biscuit until you have a soft smooth mush. Melt in hot water some sweetened condensed milk, beat it until thoroughly dissolved and creamy and pour over the coffee mixture. Mix well and put away to get as cold as possible.

VENETIAN FRUIT CREAM

A similar recipe with the same biscuit flour basis soaked in the juice of tinned or bottled plums, cherries or rhubarb. Put the fruit on top of the mush and pour over a cream made in the same way, or with powdered milk made thick and sweetened. Once cream is poured over, do not stir or shake the dish. The effect of the cream half mixing with the fruit juice is that of Venetian glass. Serve very cold.



SPRING GAME

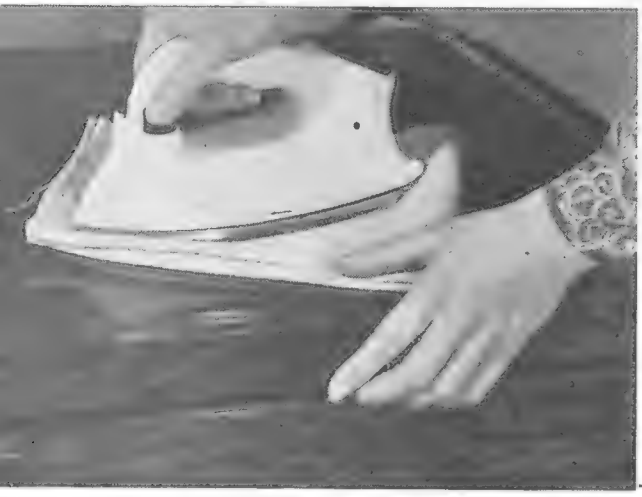
Spring sunshine has a searching quality which relentlessly reveals dirt and shabbiness. These suggestions for renovating home and wardrobe are aimed at concealing Spring's worst revelations

Grease marks on clothes can be dissolved with carbon tetrachloride. Blood stains respond when soaked in a solution of lukewarm salt water. The same treatment is good for broth and gravy stains. A warm borax solution is best for coffee stains.

If moth is suspected in clothing, turn out pockets, look behind collars and in seams for eggs. Shake and hang in the sunshine then press all over with a hot iron through a damp cloth. Eggs and grubs will be killed by this process.

If the sleeves of a jumper are wearing under the forearm and bulging at the elbows, reverse them. Remove the sleeves, undo seams, press through a damp cloth to shrink the bulge and replace in the armholes with the left to the right. This levels up the area of wear.

Scratches on the polished surface of wood cannot be removed without repolishing the whole piece, but they can be camouflaged effectively with iodine, which will not harm the furniture. Take a small quantity on a fine brush and carefully paint over each scratch. Repeat, if necessary, when the first application has dried



A dent in the polished surface of a piece of furniture can be made considerably less noticeable if it is not too badly scarred. Damp a clean, thick cloth. Fold it into several thicknesses and lay over the affected spot. Press on it with a hot iron

Shabby brown leather and pigskin handbags can be freshened by scrubbing the surface with a soft nailbrush and saddle soap. Dry with a soft cloth and polish with brown shoe polish if the leather is dark. Use white cream for pigskin or tan leather.

Loose covers which have been worn and washed a good deal are sometimes difficult to keep in position. When the covers are replaced after washing, roll some lengths of newspaper longwise and push them well down inside the chair. This keeps the clean covers more tightly fixed in position

A dirty mackintosh or raincoat should be soaked for several hours in water to which a large tablespoonful of borax has been added. This loosens the dirt. Rinse thoroughly and hang in the open without wringing. Lined proofed coats can be lightly ironed on the wrong side.

When re-laying stair carpet after spring cleaning, begin at the top. Fix it firmly and work down, keeping the carpet straight. At the bend, keep the outer edge straight, tacking the opposite edge down in a neat fold. Before re-laying the carpet, shift it an inch or two either up or down so that wear is evenly distributed.

A dirty place on the wallpaper can be patched if you have kept a length of clean paper. Soak the dirty part with warm water and peel off. Tear off a piece of new paper with an uneven edge slightly bigger than the hole. Paste it over the place. The jagged edges make it hardly noticeable

Broom bristles which have crushed should be held in the steam of a kettle while brushing them up straight with the hand. If still limp, soak for half an hour in a solution of 1 oz. of alum to a quart of warm water. Cool the mixture before use. Hang the brush to dry in the open.

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your own loveliness . . .

Jennifer Graham
HANDMADE COSMETICS

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60/104

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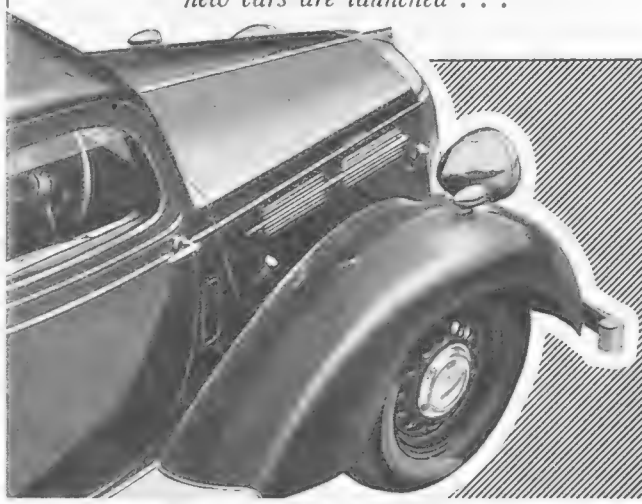

THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY

Songs and Games

Remember golf? — with brogues and a jacket of many colours to go with it? Remember winter sports? — with full kit, including sticking plaster? Remember beach holidays? — the bathing suits, wraps, rubber soled shoes? Remember evenings of dancing in white tie and tails? All these things belong to that part of the Austin Reed service which will stage a come back — perhaps sooner than many of us think.

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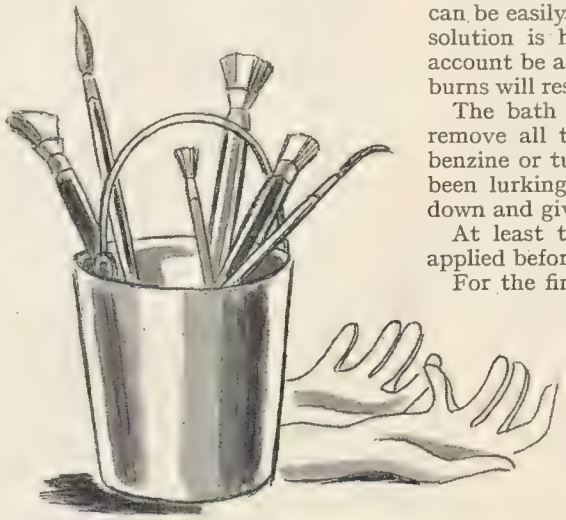
HOW TO PAINT A BATH

MANY old houses still have painted baths which time and use have robbed of their beauty. Stains and chips are unsightly and, in many cases, repainting is the only possible solution.

Painting a bath is not really a difficult operation for the amateur, but it does require patience and thoroughness. The surface of the bath must be carefully prepared before the actual painting is started if the ultimate finish is to be good. It is, too, impossible to get a good result if the work is hurried. Preparation must be thorough and each coat of paint must be given ample time to dry before the next is applied.

The bath must be thoroughly cleaned at the start to remove every trace of dirt and grease before serious operations begin. If there are rust marks around the plug hole and on the end of the bath nearest the taps, remove these before painting.



This can be done with a concentrated solution of oxalic acid, but remember that this is a dangerous poison and must be used with the utmost care.

Dissolve the crystals in a little warm water and apply with a brush. Wear gloves to prevent the acid touching the fingers, because it burns.

Put the bottle carefully away after use, and mark it "poison."

Two or three applications of the acid will generally remove rust marks. Rinse carefully to remove all traces of the acid or it may do considerable damage.

If the bath enamel is very much cracked, remove the loose scales by tapping with a small hammer. The whole surface of the bath should then be soaked and rubbed down with turpentine, which helps to loosen the scales and cleans the grit from the cracks.

If you are able to get linseed oil, mix one part of boiled oil with four parts of turpentine. Paint this solution all over the surface of the bath. This soaks into the pores of the iron, prevents further corrosion and at the same time gives a film of oil upon which to put the first coat of paint. But it can be done quite satisfactorily without the oil.

If you have a lot of patience and are prepared to do a very thorough job on a bath which has been previously enamelled, it is possible to remove the old enamel before attempting to start on the new coating.

To do this dissolve equal parts of soda crystals and quicklime in warm water. With this solution brush over the whole surface of the enamel and keep repeating the operation until the enamel can be easily scraped off with an old knife. Remember that this solution is highly caustic, however, and that it must on no account be allowed to touch the hands or some very unpleasant burns will result.

The bath should now be well rinsed with boiling water to remove all traces of the soda and afterwards saturated with benzine or turpentine to remove any traces of rust which have been lurking under the enamel. When this is done, rub well down and give the first undercoating.

At least two undercoatings of white lead paint should be applied before the final enamel is put on. Let them harden well.

For the final coating, a specially-prepared bath enamel is of course the best thing to use, but if you are not fortunate enough to obtain some, choose the best hard-drying glossy enamel you can get.

For the actual painting use the best brushes you can buy. Cheap paint brushes are a snare and ruin the best efforts. Use a fairly large brush and go quickly, starting at the top edges of the bath and working downwards. Do not take too much paint on the brush at one time. Use a little at a time and dip often.

If you fancy a coloured bath it is possible to tint white enamel by buying pure colours in collapsible tubes from an artists' dealer. Thin the colour down with turpentine before adding it to the white enamel. Stir until thoroughly mixed.

When the last coat of enamel has been put on, leave the bath unused for three or four days at least. This may be inconvenient, but it gives the enamel a chance to harden and ensures a much longer life for the newly-painted surface.

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All Dolcis Stores are open during normal shopping hours at their customers' service.

No Frontiers To Love (*Continued from page 12*)

mutual infatuation was an affair of fascinating differences rather than the attraction of similar types, a passing wartime romance. And now she knew that all the time he had agreed with her only because he did not know what the rest of the war would hold for him and he did not want to tie her. But she knew in her own heart that all the arguments she had put forth then still held. Her return to America had convinced her that she did not want to live in England. At all costs she must hold on to Mr. Pellew and keep his safe banalities between her and John's seemingly carefree banter that was all the time telling her that he loved her and had loved her all the months between.

When she returned John rose from his chair.

"Where is Mr. Pellew?" she asked.

"Mr. Pellew," said John, "is very happily engaged at the bar. I was able by the sheerest good fortune to introduce him to a most attractive widow——"

Valerie's eyes narrowed. "John Hamilton, you can't fool me. This is British diplomacy in its double-faced play."

"Double-faced be damned," said John. "It's as obvious as a Yankee poker player's face. While you were out I slipped away for a spot of reconnaissance, found the bar, saw a distracting piece of goods of about thirty-five years, put two and three together, cleared my decks for action, sat down beside her and asked her if she was the kind of lady who could help a young man in distress."

Valerie's lips were thinning their naturally lush line. John ignored them as best he could for a man in love. "So she looked at me. 'Limey, eh?' she said. I ignored the disillusioned note in her voice and the calculating gleam in her eye and threw myself upon her generosity. I said I was desperately in love with a girl and I wanted to propose but I was handicapped by the company of a most gay old dog from the Middle West who seemed to be positively dripping with money, but short on tact. Would she, being apparently alone, do me a favour?"

"And so?" said Valerie ominously.

"She winked with what I might call complete understanding and said it was against her principles but for a boy with blue eyes like mine, seeing that I was a stranger in town, she might be prepared to see what she could do to help me. So, you see, that's that."

"Do you realize this might cost me my job?"

"That was part of the general idea. I prefer my wife——"

"To stay at home and darn your socks. . . . Do you know who Mr. Pellew is? Mr. Pellew is our biggest account in the Middle West."

John would not give an inch. "And you were supposed to soften him up for the kill tomorrow."

"Well——" began Valerie, who knew there was a grain of truth at least in his chance shot.

"Well," echoed John. "The widow will soften him up."

"Men!" said Valerie.

"Quite!" continued John calmly. "He told me he was divorced and free and of course he told me how much alimony he was paying to his first wife. Remember the rubbers and the gallant gentleman on his knees?"

Valerie was drawing on her gloves. "John," she said quietly, as if breaking through the frame of banter that had separated them all evening, "I am sorry the evening has turned out like this. Your first night here, too. But you can see, can't you? All that we ever said before is true. You just don't realize how different we are."

"I know. That's what intrigues me. You are stimulating, you are different, and if I live with you all my life there will always be something unexpected and surprising about you, something I will never quite grasp."

Valerie knew he was weaving a web around her heart with soft words and she knew he was ruthless as a spider who wove delicate webs to catch flies. He had ditched Mr. Pellew very neatly without any consideration for her, without the slightest thought of the explanations she would have to give in the office next day. Nothing mattered so long as he got what he wanted. Something stubborn rose in her as she gathered her bag. An Englishwoman might take that sort of thing but she wouldn't, however much her heart might fight with her head.

"Let's go," she said with a strained brusqueness in her voice.

Out in the street a taxi stopped. John opened the door. Valerie climbed in, John followed her.

Before he could speak Valerie gave the address of her apartment.

"But we can't go home yet," said John.

"I'm sorry, John. You must be tired from travelling and I have had a hard day."

"You don't give an inch, do you?" said John with a tinge of admiration in his voice. He leaned to the driver. "Drop us at some bar, a quiet sort of place."

"Take me to the address I gave you," said Valerie.

"Make up your minds," said the taximan.

"Well, any bar will do."

"30 East 10th," said Valerie, repeating her address.

The taximan gave a faint shrug and drove to a quiet-looking club a few blocks from their starting place and pulled up at the kerb.

"This do?"

"Thanks," said John.

Valerie was out and walking down the block as John paid the toll. The taximan with that intimate interest in the affairs of his fares noted the worried air in John's eyes as he fumbled for the money. "Take it easy, Bud, she won't get too far away."

John grasped at a straw. "Tell me," he hurried. "She's American, I'm English. I've got to marry her. What do I do now?"

"Same the boidies on the boughs."

"Bodies?"

"No, boidies." Then he flapped his hands in imitation of a bird, keeping his face the while completely deadpan. "She flutters away, you flap after her, see?"

John reached for the driver's hand and shook it warmly. "Thanks! I'll do the same for you some day."

He limped after Valerie and somehow he thought but could not be sure that her pace had slowed. He still felt he was fighting against hopeless odds. As he caught up to her she began to increase in pace. She was suddenly desperately unhappy. She was clamping an iron stubbornness on her determination not to fall in love with him again. It had been bad enough after that last night in London and she knew well enough the scar of parting had not yet healed. But she was not going to involve her life in an endless tangle of adaptation to other scenes, other climates, other friends. She had seen England, she had met English people; she liked them, but the plain fact of the matter was that she liked American scenes and American people better.

As she walked down the dark, wet streets, with the occasional bright gleam of a doorway inviting them to some club, there was this soft persistent voice at her ear.

"It's because I'm an Englishman. What's wrong with me? I'm the same as you are, a mixture of Roman, French, Danish, Norwegian, Flemish, Saxon, Scot and Irish."

"Race has nothing to do with it. Americans are the product of their environment." Valerie walked on with her stubborn chin set firm.

"Our ideas are the same——"

"They are not. You stick too long to old things——"

"Like love——"

"Americans like change and new things."

"In wives?"

"We belong to the future——"

"Our children will——"

"In an age of immense scientific discovery, we scrap last year's model for next year's."

"In a home?"

"I buy a dress to (*Continued on page 52*)

Do 99 women out of 100 use the wrong face powder shade?

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"And build a life to last a lifetime."

"We live while we are young . . ."

"You need love when you are old."

"You are twisting my words . . ."

"I'm not. I'm proving what you have and what I have put together will make us both a better job for the world we have to live in. I'm not marrying this year's hairdo, dress or make-up. I'm not marrying your front you put up for other women or the office. I'm not marrying a pretty wife to show off to other people as long as she is young. I'm marrying you to build something new out of the wreck of this war . . . I'm marrying you for keeps . . ."

"You are not marrying me at all."

A cruising taxi passed them. Valerie signalled it, and as it stopped she climbed in. She gave her address and this time John made no demur.

Valerie lay back in the corner away from him, suddenly very tired with the conflicting strains inside her. Very clearly she could see her life stretching away in the future. The effort to smartness, the same kind of parties repeating themselves, the same kind of evenings around the same kind of clubs with visiting firemen and then, in between, the empty evenings, the awareness of things missed. But it was a lie, she felt; some other man, one of her own kind, would come along some day. And yet, they had already come along, men she had liked, men she had turned away because while she spoke the same language of ideas, liked the same things, yet there was some deep down link that was missing. As she sat by this stranger, this foreigner, she knew that deep down he was neither; in some subtle way he was nearer to her, he had touched deeper depths than all the others. She knew she was face to face with the fact that had no nationality, no boundaries.

Then they were stopping. John was holding the door for her, he was paying the taxi-man, he was catching up to her as she entered the apartment building, he was pressing the button of the elevator and he was very quiet, with a quietness beyond the quietness of not speaking.

She was fitting her key into her door. Then, politely, he was holding out his hand to say good-bye.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I've been unfair. I won't bother you again."

She heard her voice rather than felt herself speak. "I have some whisky and soda." She spoke simple ordinary words but she meant others. She meant to say: If we are going to part, let me do it gracefully. Let us part as friends. Let us part slowly so that the machine of my heart can run down slowly without breaking the spring.

As John followed her and shut the door behind him, she took off her gloves and, before a mirror, took off her hat.

Then came John's voice: "Good God!"

"What is it?" She turned and saw his accusing eyes.

"Your rubbers!"

She glanced down. She had forgotten to take them off and the marks were on her polished floor.

"You must be very much in love to forget that," said John in a quiet voice.

She took her rubbers off, refusing his sudden remembrance to kneel and do it for her. She went to the little cabinet where she kept the glasses and the bottle for special company.

"Soda?" she asked.

"Just a spot."

He lifted his glass. "Well, here's to a happy life and I'm sorry I tried to intrude."

"I'm sorry," she said lifting her glass in response to his. "A happy life and may you meet a nice English girl and . . . and . . ."

He smiled ruefully. "You know the English tradition is for the jilted lover to rush off to Africa and shoot big game."

"You can shoot it here in America."

No Frontiers To Love

"Thanks very much. I turned the British Empire upside down to get this job over here for one reason and one reason only. You can guess that one."

"You'll do well, anyway. You don't give up easily, do you?"

"We are about equal," he said quietly. "As a matter of fact I turned down a very good offer for Singapore after this war business is cleared up. I think I'll reopen the matter."

She turned away. He finished his glass quickly not intending to make the parting long drawn out. "Well, this is it," he said. "The memory will be something. Remember that time in Hyde Park in the moonlight when we pretended . . ."

She felt her tension relaxing. She filled in the rest. "Pretended we had just celebrated our silver wedding. You talked nonsense very nicely, John."

"Remember the time you asked the London taxi driver how he liked the blackout . . ."

"And he said he didn't like it . . ."

"Because he'd almost forgotten what it was like to see a couple kissing in the back seat."

"So you said you'd give him a treat . . ."

"And I kissed you there and then . . . for the first time. And he said——"

"We'll forget that part of it."

"Let's remember it for the last time. He said: 'You two had ought to get married before it gets any worse.'"

Valerie half-smiled at the memory. "You swept a young American girl off her feet because everything was so new and strange and exciting . . . different . . ."

He smiled ruefully. "I suppose that is what you did tonight to me . . . Well, I put up a good fight."

He was sitting in her comfortable chair, his face half-shaded by the reading light. With a sudden clarity she could see him there in a similar chair opposite hers and knew he would never change, that somehow he would always be something of a stranger to her and she would always be something of a stranger to him, and that that unknown quality would always stimulate them, however long they knew one another. She watched his face as he stared into his empty glass and she knew that he really meant what he said, that he would give up his new job and put half the world between them. That was the way he was made. Love was more important than business.

She watched his face as the seconds ticked interminably off as they would for the rest of her life. His solid figure had a kind of promise of security.

Then she heard her voice as though it were her subconscious self speaking. "I can't go on with it, John." She crossed behind his chair and her hand riffed his brown unruly hair. "I love you."

"I know you do," he said very quietly.

"But I'm all tangled up inside."

"I know you are."

"I don't want to be another Irene Dunne in the *White Cliffs of Dover*."

"It doesn't apply. I never told you, did I, that my home and family were rubbed out in the blitz."

Her hand stayed on his shoulder. Suddenly she realized that it was not herself who was alone and insecure in a changing world with a new future before her; this man that she loved had lost not only part of his own life but his complete background. It was she who was on firm ground; it was he who needed her.

She moved round to the chair and held out her hands to him. He looked up and she saw the misery he could no longer hide from his face.

"Aren't you going to kiss me?" she asked with a sad smile.

"Good-bye?"

"No, John. You win."

She leaned back, her hands in his, as he rose. Then he drew her to him, his arms were about her and she seemed to sink down deep in his kiss into a peace and security which she had been afraid to believe he could give her in return for what she could give him.

END

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

Thank goodness she had her

'Viyella' frock
Regd.

Trust a 'Viyella' frock to save the day—after plenty of wear and washing it *still* looks new. But 'Viyella' has gone to war, so meanwhile choose for the children's wear Utility 'Dayella' with the unshrinkable finish—it carries the famous 'Day and Night Wear' sign.

N.G.16

Is your skin getting dry?

THERE are many reasons why your skin may have lost some of its natural oil. It may be diet; working conditions, hard water, the wrong face soap or unsuitable cosmetics.

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Sold everywhere In standard sizes
KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM
The Economical Tooth Paste

Nazi Underground?

(Continued from page 20)

For a time he ran the distribution end of a Polish propaganda set-up, which worried the Germans, and then he did courier work around and outside Europe.

On one mission, carrying messages between the Warsaw underground high command, and the emigré government in London, he wove through the underground lanes, reached a certain country, contacted local agents, was given a date and a rendezvous. He waited patiently, eyes on the westward sky. Presently he saw the gull, far off. It grew into a Mosquito. The plane landed, Novak ran up, climbed aboard, the engines roared again, and so Novak was wafted across an otherwise impassable sea moat to keep his date in London. The British also obliged by training Novak for parachute jumping.

Then there was Jan Karski. He—a reserve officer dancing in a Warsaw drawing-room one week, in action the next—was captured by the Russians. Hastily assuming a private's uniform and identity, he got included in a German-Russian exchange of prisoners. As the prisoners' train slowed for Kielde station, Karski jumped off, and continued on to Warsaw on foot.

After varied and fantastic adventures as a member of the underground, he became a courier, and was sent on a mission to General Sikorski in London. Using a French dope smuggler's passport, he got to Paris by way of Berlin, hiked over the Pyrenees, reached Algeciras, bought passage on a fishing boat to Gibraltar. From the Rock he went on to London conventionally in a Liberator—he was expected.

Nazi operators may reach the outskirts of Allied-occupied Germany tomorrow; but where will they find friends to take risks to help them on to the next stage, and the next? They may successfully reach the European outskirts, but who will then send the post-war equivalent of Mosquito or Liberator to carry them over seas and oceans to a secure haven? Civilian airport watches will be close; and it's hard to see a friendly and co-operating government waiting for the Nazi undergrounder at the other end anyway.

Friendly governments, especially governments with long and powerful sea and air arms, have played considerable roles in helping to make the anti-Nazi undergrounds effective. At Royal Norwegian Navy H.Q. some time back I talked to a couple of Norwegian Wrens who would still be in Norway (though maybe as dust in a Gestapo jail grave) but for the aforesaid external aid factors. Call them Sigrid and Kari.

Early one day in the autumn of 1942 Sigrid got word to leave. A socially influential woman, she had been active in the underground, and the Gestapo was on her trail. She packed a rucksack and walked out with a companion, heading east. They picked up a couple of rides on farm-carts, pole-jumped the swift, deep *bekks* in the fir forest, crawled through the frontier wire fence in a hailstorm and so reached Sweden. Later, Sigrid got a seat in a west-bound plane from Stockholm and flew to England (the Nazis were not shooting down Swedish commercial planes then).

Kari got away with seven others in a 35-foot fishing boat. The owner had accumulated a secret petrol stock, saving a little each time from his allowance. As the Nazis tightly controlled all food except goat milk, the food store they carried was goat-milk cheese. Starting one night from a little village on the rim of the Arctic, they sailed for a week, and then a shot across the bows apprised them that they were in British waters. The patrol boat escorted them to port. The Norwegian Consul and the British military authorities took charge of the party, the Navy took over the boat, and the Customs unsmilingly seized the balance of the goat cheese.

Two personal stories, but illuminating. Sweden then was harbouring 15,000 young Norwegians who had escaped the Sigrid way. Most worked in the Swedish forests, but many reached their exile government's organized fighting services based on Britain. Where could 15,000 young Nazis roost up like that tomorrow? And in what state await uniforms, arms, training facilities? I can't put a name to a likely one, looking around today.

The Nazis can spring no organizational surprises. The set-up of an underground is an international open textbook. One essential is decentralization to a point where, if one member is caught or turns traitor, he cannot betray more than the few subordinates he personally knows. The two Poles, Novak and Karski, again illustrate. As propaganda distributor, Novak was contacted from publishing H.Q. by a lovely girl whose training as a trainer of physical culture teachers for schools had been rudely interrupted by the Hitlerian blitz, and who had gone underground. For two years they knew one another only by their underground pseudonyms. They found out one another's true identities only when, thrown together in the Warsaw rising, they decided to get married (both managed to escape and reach England two months later).

Karski, exceptionally, knew higher-ups. He slipped, and the Gestapo caught him and worked on him. His chief, getting the news, sent a squad with orders to rescue him or shoot him. They managed to rescue him, but only because, fearing he might break under the torture, he had tried to commit suicide, and lay wounded and idly watched in the jail hospital.

There's nothing about the technique of concealment of personnel that the existing generation of anti-Nazi underground operators don't know from brutal necessity.

Some of the cleverest tricks have neither use nor meaning in a Nazi-free Europe. In Czechoslovakia, for instance, it was death to operate a radio transmitter. The Gestapo radio detectors tracked one down in a wood and the gunmen surrounded it. They found themselves menacing a little mechanism quietly chattering away all by itself in a thicket. The ingenious Czech engineers had perfected an automatic transmitter. The Nazi purpose was to block out the news and voice of the outside world. The Allied purpose must be to let the voice of the outside world in. So personnel-saving gadgets of this kind won't do a post-war Nazi underground much good.

The anti-Nazi underground by 1944 was publishing more or less regularly over 1,000 clandestine journals. Counting handwritten sheets, Norway alone had 250. Film and fiction choose cellars as publishing points, but most of the real papers have been produced from busy offices in main thoroughfares, the risk being less. One had its editorial office in a block next door to Gestapo H.Q. in one capital. But none of these papers would have mattered much if Nazi Germany had in fact been on the road to victory, instead of heading for defeat and disintegration.

Consider, then, the guerillas. An often over-dramatized branch of the underground. They are important only if meshed with the campaigns of regular armies. Given a German victory, all the guerillas in Europe would have dwindled to the size of Britain's troubles in Palestine. Nazi guerillas may shoot it out in the mountains around Hitler's Bavarian stronghold, but no bands can long survive organized hunts by regular troops with ample transport and scout equipment.

All of which adds up to the answer that an effective Nazi underground is an old wives' tale—provided the conditions don't recur which enabled the Hitlerians to enlist international fascist aid and organize the elaborate and partially successful underground known as the Fifth Column.

Of course, if the Big Three fall out and start playing next-war poker against one another, then the Nazi post-war underground will flourish, and the imagined troubles of Major John Smith will become grim fact, precursor of grimmer events to come.

My own guess is that if any Nazi underground starts it can finish in only one place, and that is under six feet of ground.

END

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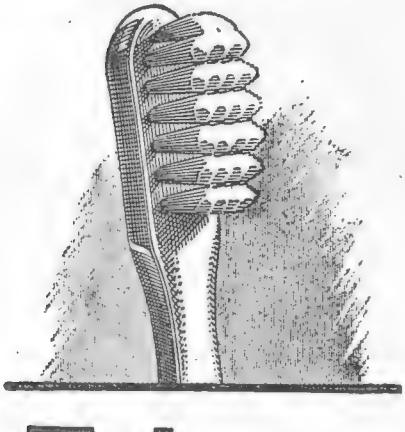

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A Woman In Belgium

(Continued from page 15)

clothed, although every one told us that their condition had greatly improved since we went into the country. When the Army first got there, children used to run up to the soldiers and beg for food.

I visited a Dutch family. The wife had had a severe hæmorrhage brought on by bad living conditions, and she had been in bed for seven weeks with no hope of getting up again, as it was not possible for her to have the necessary liver injections or extra food essential for her recovery. The family's clothes were in a very poor condition, and this was not because there was no money to buy new clothes. The money was there, the points were there, but the clothes were not to be had. The three children of the family looked lively enough, but their teeth were in a shocking condition due to lack of calcium. The husband was nothing more than a bag of bones; his clothes were shabby even by our standards, and his teeth were decayed almost black right up to the gums.

The milk situation is even worse now than it was during the German occupation, as it is "cleaned off" until it is practically nothing but water. The Germans allowed the civilians half a pound of cheese every two weeks. There is no cheese now. During the German occupation Black Market prices were fantastic. For instance, the Germans paid 400 guilders—about £40—for one pound of coffee, and £3 or more for a pound of butter.

I asked about the German occupation and was told that the Germans took 80 per cent of everything that was produced, and of the 20 per cent left the Germans had to be fed first. What was left was for the civilians. As they retreated, the Germans took everything, and I was told that the soldiers were bad enough, but that the German girls in uniform were the worst of all.

The worst nightmare of the occupation was, of course, the conscription of men for labour inside Germany, so that the men of the family spent most of their time in hiding. Every time the bell rang after dark the men of the family hid up the stairs, and the women had to open the front door very quickly because if the bell was not answered immediately the Germans would thrown in a grenade.

How the Dutch managed to keep themselves and their houses so scrupulously clean with little or no soap is a minor miracle. In Holland it took three months after the liberation before the first soap ration was available. The Germans allowed one cake a month for washing, one packet of soap powder for laundry, one extra packet for children and one cake of toilet soap. I was given one of these, and it is a small square, about an inch and a half long, and resembles grey putty. During the first three months of liberation the housewife I saw was only able to send one lot of laundry away.

In Holland and Belgium the houses are freshly painted and clean; curtains are beautifully draped in all the windows. The amount of damage, except around the stations and canals or through the villages where there has actually been hard fighting, appears to be remarkably little, although we heard most horrible stories about the condition of Rotterdam.

The real horrors of war are only visible when you actually get across the German border. Then every house along the road appears to be gutted.

We drove through the nightmare town of Aachen. It is not flattened by any means. It is merely a shambles, where you can still see what an enchanting place this "Canterbury" of Germany must have been. In the husk of the Cathedral there is still one window where tattered lacy fragments of beautiful stained glass remain. The rusted metal framework of a steeple of another church is bent in a curious festoon, point downwards. The Market Square is completely shattered. Picking their way through the rubble of the houses which have tumbled into the streets are the civilians who have come out of their cellars—men, women and children with wooden faces, grim mouths and dead eyes. Even the children walk in a curious stiff numbed fashion. There is no fraternization here. Every one looks straight ahead of him. Even the American troops occupying the town look grim and dirty.

Aachen would be less gruesome if it were actually flattened out. As it is now, it looks like a badly mangled corpse, and the only way to avoid pity is to keep in mind how these same people would have looked had they been the conquerors instead of the conquered.

END

Post War . . .

(Continued from page 13)

asked to swallow (and usually do) about our own lives.

More than that: nations have shibboleths that are kept going by such sources. The American Constitution is one of them. This document (framed by propertied men, by the way, who wrote it with an eye to protecting property), every political student knows, is as obsolete as the horse-and-buggy days. Yet a Republican senator can drive 30,000 gaping listeners in New York's Madison Square Garden into a frenzy of rage against Roosevelt—simply by putting across a convincing speech that Roosevelt is "tampering with the American Constitution"!

So can a well-written magazine article.

Again, everybody knows that it is a sure-fire hit if a canvassing senator makes a strident speech to a group of Mid-West farmers, appealing to their "pioneer spirit." Statistics would show that 90 per cent of his audience, or their forefathers, came to the United States from Germany, Russia, or Central Europe, long after the last pioneer dropped dead in his tracks. Population statistics will demonstrate that over half of those Mid-West farming populations came to America (or their parents did) even long after the end of the American Civil War. Therefore, in that audience of farmers—shouting "Horrah!" when their "pioneer spirit is called upon"—there are probably not ten men who have a drop of early American blood in them.

The chances are that there is none in the senator—except one generation.

But with their vast control over the organs of publicity and public opinion, the big financial corporations and the big business interests are still to-day putting over that stuff about "rugged individualism" and the "rights of private enterprise." This in a country when the gigantic chain-store system has already wiped out most of the independent chemists from coast to coast, the small butcher, grocery store, baker, hardware store—yes, as you will see when you travel the U.S.A., even the small, but good, independent hotels are being forced to sell out to a chain hotel system. Where is your "rugged individualism" in all that? And as to the "rights of private enterprise," it is an admitted fact that about thirteen huge finance corporations control over 80 per cent of all the manufacturing industries in the United States. Wall Street has even entered the field of farming—on the mass-production basis.

If a man gets up in the United States Senate and begins to call attention to all that, every gun of the huge financial and big business press is turned on him. It will be a miracle if he comes out of it politically alive. You, in England, are miles more tolerant on such questions; the House of Commons is an absolutely open and free debating forum—a man can say what he likes. So you think. But just you try to get a day set aside for a debate on the question of MONOPOLIES in the House of Commons—or, if this pointed instance of mine interests you, read Hansard, for January 1925, and see how many members have tried. And failed.

Meanwhile, in advertisement after advertisement, in a continual series of well-directed articles, the unconscious (Continued on page 58)

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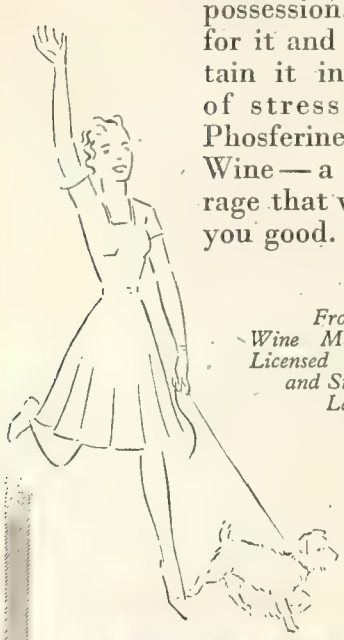

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reader is daily being told what God-given benefactors of mankind the big monopolies really are.

Old Bret Harte and Kipling weren't in it when it comes to putting a fairy-tale make-believe world across. Whoever heard of a more cock-eyed motto than: "The customer is always right"? Is he right when these monopolies restrict production—deliberately create want—so that they can put up the price on him? I prefer Vic Oliver's challenge: "Come on, suckers! The customer is always tight."

Now, the fact that both Britain and the United States need a spiritual lead—something such as Churchill gave England at Dunkirk, and Roosevelt gave a terrified America during the panic of 1932—is so obvious that it does not need pointing out. Yet, you know what happened to the "Dunkirk Spirit" immediately after England seemed out of danger again. All these big business barons raised their heads again. They'd got their nerve back. And immediately, in such plans to make England more helpful for Englishmen—such as in the Catering Bill, or the Beveridge Report—they turned on the forces of their power of publicity again. The House of Commons, in spite of this, did pass something very close to the Beveridge Report—a social service scheme so far in advance of anything that the United States has got that they will need a telescope in an astronomer's observatory to see it. I don't say that the House passed any such an advanced bit of legislation from fear; but I do claim that in the back of many a back-bench Conservative's small mind was the knowledge that what the soldiers were writing home from the front—*re* what they thought of Parliament, the vested interests, London City, the barons and the bishops—was . . . well, just nobody's business!

Nearly everybody, either soldier or civilian worker, is aware that the one great spiritual change—*the change within reach*—that can come after this war is to make life in England

Post War . . .

a co-operative rather than a competitive life. To bring back, in fact, and *establish* into civilian life some of the comradeship, co-operation, and willing self-sacrifice of the front. Also—and this is where I think there are good reasons to believe such a thing might happen—that the spirit of the soldiers, air raid wardens, fire fighters, nurses, factory workers, and so forth, really is amalgamated—in some way—to become the real spirit of English post-war life.

But a co-operative life means, to a large extent, Government participation—"Government interference," as the organs of finance and big business daily call it. Just as the big business interests, on both sides of the Atlantic, are now invoking, through the medium of their controlled popular daily newspapers, *patriotism*—over such questions of privately owned air routes—where English people and American people will really feel their *national* rights are at stake—when it is only Big Business again, in such things as these civilian airways and—OIL!

This *lead from the top*—the spiritual lead (call it the ideological, if you like)—is just what the great mass of the people in both Britain and the United States have been waiting for all through this war. The war-lead has been all right, even more inspiriting than we dared hope for—blessed by such great *war*-leaders as Churchill and Roosevelt. But there is no denying that there has not yet come anything like such a spiritual—or ideological—lead *from the top* for post-war life. We still stare gloomily into the future—"through a glass darkly."

Know this. Every organ of the powerful financial and big business interests, on both sides of the water, is fighting tooth and nail against the very *idea* of the co-operative life. They want free private enterprise—unbridled licence to do what they like with, or to, all the world's products and all the world's customers.

END

Six Horse Race

(*Continued from page 32*)

with horror. "Oh, no. I couldn't possibly."

"Why not?"

"It's my horse. It hasn't an earthly."

Frangipan did not turn a hair. "Then how about Number Four? Narrative Episode. At three to one."

"That's much more like it."

"Excellent. That's settled, then. Twenty per cent. Meet you and collect it after the race. I'll be standing by the tote."

Mopping a brow like a wet ploughed field, Frangipan went in search of another sucker. After an especially cataclysmic Grand National there were many who wanted to make good on the six-horse race. Soon he had a partnership on every horse save one, Time Lag, a thing of knobs and bumps, arising in the oddest places, like an advertisement for a physical fitness course. Even Frangipan's powers of persuasion were not up to getting any one to back this.

He took up his place by the tote. He did not bother to follow the race. The comments of the crowd told him how things were shaping. It was apparent that each horse had fallen more than once.

Then heels were lowered, and rubber necks contracted. Sobbing bookies made a beeline for their cars.

Frangipan put out a casual hand. "The name of the winner?"

"Time Lag," said a voice behind him, and added, "You fourfold son of a potypus." Whereupon his pearl-grey topper was jammed down over his ears.

Then someone ripped his morning-coat with a cigar-cutter.

A third defrauded gambler tore away the empty binocular-case, and jumped on it.

A fourth butted him in the midriff.

A fifth, totally abandoned to hysteria, snapped his cigarette-holder in two, and flung the pieces at the passing treasurer of a village amateur dramatic society who had lost the proceeds of *Charley's Aunt* on Number Four.

Then, as he waited with tensed muscles for the next assault, a hand grabbed his, thrust a roll of notes into it, and assisted him to rise.

"Eee, it's a champion mess you're in."

It was the whiskered fisherman.

He was transformed by a check coat of emetic pattern, plus fours, crocodile-skin boots and a brand new sou'wester.

"By gum." Frangipan gave at the knees under a jovial clap on the shoulder. "I bet tha glad to see me."

Somewhat shaken, Frangipan could only look down at the notes he held.

"Wondering how I came about glad rags?" The fisherman gave him another exultant dig in the stomach. "Well, remember lifeboat?"

Frangipan nodded dazedly.

"T.B. (Terrific and Buoyant) Steamship Line put out appeal, 'Lifeboat disappeared off S.S. *Hernia*.' Well, I looks at lettering, and scratches poll. 'That's me,' I thinks. I rings up office. Man comes round to identify it. 'Where did you find her?" he says. 'Off beach,' I says. 'Tha're saved us a deal o' trouble,' he says, 'be pleased to accept a little something.' So here I am, and here tha is, and there we art. Well?" The whiskers brushed him with roguish flutter. "Are not going to say summat?"

Frangipan started to tidy himself. "I am overwhelmed."

Then, some distance away, he saw an interesting tableau. A lady, well-studded with jewels. An Indian lady. She was accompanied by two policemen. And she was pointing.

Gracefully, but with a certain increase in tempo notwithstanding, he turned to his benefactor. "Prevalent signs, however, indicate a grateful, albeit rapid, withdrawal. Adieu, and a million thanks."

He poised delightfully on the brink of the stream making for the exits. And the next moment he was gone.

END

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Quiet Night (*Continued from page 28*)

"Why?" demanded Mr. Trevor belligerently.

"Nothing. Nothing, old boy. But this place is getting a bit—well, busy, isn't it?"

A sudden penetrating thought had come to Mr. Trevor. "Joe," he said. "Joe. That little bloke——"

"Exactly. Hot night. Every one's windows open. Been round seeing what he can collect."

Mr. Trevor thought of his wife peacefully sleeping and he charged for the bedroom, switching on the light. This time she did not wake. She lay among the pillows in the subdued light from the lamp, looking so fragile and tender his heart turned over. The curtains billowed gently at the open window, but the room had not been disturbed. He switched off the light and crept out.

In the sitting-room he was surprised to see the little man back again. The fellow was bending over Montgomery. He withdrew the bottle with a plop and Montgomery bit upon air. "Taking it too fast, guv'nor," the newcomer said. "Give 'im wind. 'E ain't arf got a suction. Nice kid." He picked Montgomery up and rocked him awhile, then turned him over patted his back and set him once more on the settee, replacing the bottle.

Montgomery re-connected and all went well.

"The police are out on the roof looking for you," Mr. Trevor said.

The little man started. "Strewth!" he exclaimed. "Thanks for the say-so. Well, that being so, guvnor, I'll be 'opping it—if it's all okay with you?"

"Quite!" agreed Mr. Trevor, and the little man opened the front door and went down in the lift.

Less than a minute passed before a scraping of boots outside heralded the return of the police. The red-faced cop crossed at once to the settee, raising Montgomery gently and detaching him from the bottle with a slight plop. He shook his head.

"Sucking air! Keep the top end of the bottle *up*."

Turning Montgomery from facing east to facing west he inserted the bottle and carefully propped it with a cushion. "That's better!"

"That burglar chap you're looking for has just gone down in the lift," Mr. Trevor said.

With a rush they disappeared.

"Well!' breathed Mr. Trevor, hitching up his pyjama pants and stretching the torso. "That's that!" He bent tenderly over the guzzling Montgomery. A pained voice from behind the door of the broom cupboard in the hall addressed him.

"Lumme, guv'nor! You might have said there was a ruddy house dick waiting dahn in the hall for me!"

"You back again?" said Mr. Trevor. "How did you get up?"

"Fire escape," the little man told him. "'Ere! *Who put that kid to lay on his heart?*"

Mr. Trevor's jaw dropped. "Does it—harm him?"

"Pumps the wind up into his stummick," the little man said. He raised Montgomery, now practically torpid with nourishment, and extracted a generous burp from him, then laid him gently down, facing east. "Leave him to suck on his bottle until he drops off!"

Peering cautiously into the night he stepped out on to the tiles once more.

To Mr. Trevor it seemed plenty was going on round and about the roof that night, and he poked his own head out to keep himself abreast.

Peace fell over the Trevor *ménage*. With the front door firmly shut, Mary soundly asleep in the bedroom, Montgomery virtually snoring his head off on the settee, and the stars paling in the sky, Mr. Trevor lowered himself into the armchair gratefully. In two minutes he had followed the example of Joe Stamp, fast asleep in the other chair, bow tie under his ear.

In two and a half minutes he was wide awake once more. The buzzer was sounding urgently. The two policemen entered when he opened the front door. "Turned back from the hall," the first cop said. "He was seen on the fire escape, and he's still up here. Sorry."

The red-faced, fatherly cop who had tested the milk gave a pained start as he saw Montgomery. He softly extracted the empty bottle from the baby's grip. "Shouldn't *ever* be left to suck on an empty bottle, sir," he warned. He handed the bottle to Mr. Trevor. "Boil it," he advised.

"I know," Mr. Trevor told him.

Mr. Trevor looked at the clock: it was a quarter to five. For a moment he considered, then he began to dress himself. He shook Joe by the shoulder, and he came awake fighting.

"Hadn't you better get into bed?" Mr. Trevor asked.

"Certainly not!" Joe told him and went off to sleep again.

Mr. Trevor tip-toed into his wife's room and tip-toed out again. He wished he had something to do to occupy his time, so he made himself a cup of coffee, but he never got as far as drinking it. Someone entered the flat on a pass key and ran through the sitting-room, out on to the roof by way of the balcony. With a dive Mr. Trevor caught him by the scruff of the neck. "If you wake that baby, or if you wake my wife——" he began when the red-faced cop intervened.

"He's one of our men, sir. Watching your landing."

This party of the third part shook himself. "Come on!" he whispered urgently. "He's making his way *up the stairs . . .*"

Mr. Trevor joined the rush to the landing, surprised to find Joe awake and at his heels. Sure enough, as they listened tensely, the sound of someone climbing stealthily reached their ears. The little man seemed to be taking his time on the stone stairs; his laboured breathing could be heard. Mr. Trevor wondered if he could shout a warning. Clearly the man was fagged out—and no wonder.

"Stand back, sir," the cop said. "Let him see your door open and we'll take him by surprise. He may be armed."

The lagging steps reached the landing, and round the corner stepped a figure, dressed in long skirts and a little horse's hat with ribbons under the chin. La Harmon passed unsuspecting through the cordon of crouching cops and wearily entered the flat.

"Well, of course, they'll have to walk up," Mr. Trevor heard the manager explaining acidly, "if you insist on cutting out the lifts!"

"Joe," said Mr. Trevor firmly. "Joe, back to your own bed. La Harmonious Harmon is back: the show is over."

"Okay!" said Joe.

Mr. Trevor quietly entered his home and castle, carefully closing his front door upon the rabble in conference without. He was about to enter his wife's bedroom when the door handle was pulled out of his hand. "*Ssh!*" said La Harmon. "We are sleeping very nicely, thank you." She emerged and crossed into the sitting-room.

"The soiled diaper?"

"We put it in the bucket."

"And the bottle?"

"He had it," said Mr. Trevor, "and enjoyed it and we boiled the bottle and it's in the fridg."

La Harmon was sniffing critically over the sleeping Montgomery and beyond her the sun was rising over the trees in the park. "My mother was taken to hospital so I did not wait," La Harmon was saying, but Mr. Trevor did not hear her.

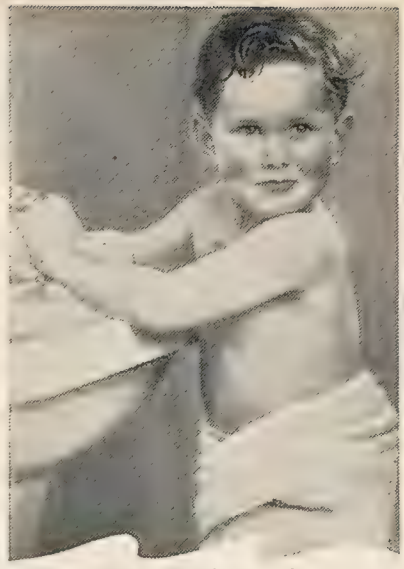
With the return of this human anteater, responsibility had lifted. In the room there, was Mary. Here, his son. Within these four walls, all that the world meant to him. *And all was well!* His spirit rose and floated and his heart sang for joy.

Nurse Harmon unpeeling Montgomery cast a professional eye over the diaper. "You seem to have managed," she admitted.

"Oh—that!" said Mr. Trevor. "Why not?"

And he was singing as he ran himself a bath.

END



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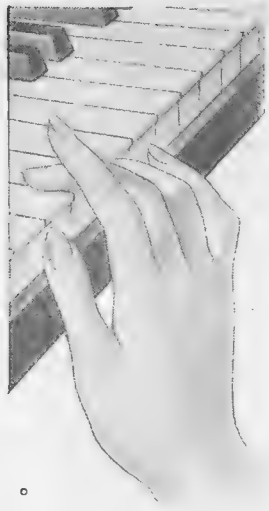
Guard against—*Tender, Sore, Spongy and Bleeding Gums.* Dentists for many years have used Forhans astringent and reported completely satisfactory results. They also recommend Forhans Special Formula for the Gums Dentifrice for use at home because it contains the special ingredient of Forhans astringent. See your dentist regularly.

*Based on clinical reports



Peggy Sage predicts . . .

that the music of victory is not so far away; that hands that have worked hard to achieve it will deserve a little gaiety; and that Peggy Sage polishes will become available—in small quantities—as essential ingredients are 'demobilised' from their war service.

In the meantime the Peggy Sage Salon continues to serve its many clients.

Peggy Sage

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Packets of ten 1/9

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What Prospects for Continental Travel?

(Continued from page 16)

mentally ready to receive foreign tourists on pleasure bent, save in a few quarters that have relatively escaped, such as Sweden, Switzerland and Spain (while the going is still possible there!). What is the enjoyment of visiting a country whose people are downcast and withdrawn, even unwelcoming, given, even, that other factors beckon the stranger, which they emphatically do not?

The two first things that tourists must have, transport, and food and accommodation, are precisely the things that are most cryingly lacking on the Continent today, and you may be quite certain that there would be an outcry against any Government which deprived its own people of food, lodging and transport, in order to cater for tourists on the plea that they brought money into the country. They do, but Europe is no longer of a mind to put gold intake before a share-out of the necessities of life among the national population.

Take your cue, therefore, from transport. When this begins to flow again, food situations will gradually right themselves. But remember that road and rail travel are practically *non est* on the Continent today, and that such as there is of either is monopolized by the military and will be for many a long day. Unless, that is, public opinion gives civilians a long-overdue "break."

Even if Lord Leathers and his foreign counterparts waved their wands, and there was transport, and along with it, food, the would-be traveller abroad would forthwith collide with another hazard: lack of staffs and accommodation. The damage and dilapidation at favourite resorts have been tremendous. Ghostly and stilled for nigh six years, the bulk of Europe's playgrounds have run completely to seed even where they've escaped the tide of war.

Another severe deterrent to travel abroad is the adverse state of the exchange *vis-à-vis* the £. I have reason to believe I could go abroad tomorrow, as a civilian, but where would be the catch when it costs a fiver a day barely to live in Paris? The only solution is to get into a uniform, belong to a mess and claim a billet. Some people do change the £ at cafés for 500 francs instead of the legitimate 200, but who cares to face doing that indefinitely? There is reason to believe, incidentally, that French policy is definitely against "cheapening" the franc, and pressure by native "Tourism," which used to be the fourth industry, will have to be great before De Gaulle does anything about it. He thinks flooding France with foreigners, weakens it.

As for Italy, the south and centre are reported "out" for long years from the tourist point of view, while the north, including Venice and the Italian Lakes, has still to go through the mill. And so it goes on. Belgium? The popular littoral from La Panne to Le Zoute was pretty well levelled to make part of Todt's anti-invasion defences. Brussels and Antwerp will be monopolized by the military indefinitely. And other famous spots have been put out of the running for other reasons. And you can imagine how glad the Dutch will be to receive foreigners in their war-ravaged land, or how capable of seeing to their wants?

Paris at Easter? Easter 1946 of course! Don't let's have any illusions. While I do not share the U.S. Ambassador's view that it will take twenty years to rebuild France (it all depends what is meant by "rebuild"), Paris looks like being the preserve of the few for eighteen months or at the very least one year. In point of fact, Biarritz and the Basqueland seem to have got off best, of the famous regions, but you can't get there, so what's the use?

Switzerland is my bet for the first intake of pleasure-travellers from Britain; with luck, in time for the next winter sports. That would mean merely a few thousands making their way across France and it might not excite resentment.

To close on a gladder note, think of this thing: there'll be no Germans the next time, you see—wherever you head for. Or will there? Well, let us say the tribe, such as remain, will be meek and effacing. I don't anticipate their throwing themselves about on my long-avowed first itinerary: to Paris, to the same little hotel in the rue de Bellechasse where I spent my last night in June 1940; on to Vichy, to renovate the inner man at long last; and on and up, up to Mont Louis, in the Pyrenees, to refresh the mind in contact with direct mountain peasantry after years in the valley of chicane.

And I shan't take an aeroplane, either, even if they are going by then, at 1½d. a mile. Not that I dislike flying but it bores me. Give me a boat every time, the feel of living adventure she breeds.

END

On Duty—and Off

(Continued from page 33)

again but only half as loud as before. Next relax, then count the third time but under your breath. After this relax completely.

It seems to me that the great advantage of these relaxing exercises is that they not only teach you to relax but while learning to do so your mind is automatically switched from all the worries and fatigues of the day and concentrated on the business of a good night's sleep.

OFF DUTY

INTERESTING experiences have been worked out to introduce real art into textiles, and the results have been so successful that after the war our printed fabrics should have more effect on fashion than the French fabrics had before the war.

Two people, Mr. and Mrs. Ascher, who were at one time connected with the textile wholesale trade in Prague, came to England and, in spite of the wartime difficulties, they engaged such artists as Feliks Topolski, Cecil Beaton and Henry Moore to design materials, and they produced a collection of fabrics of such beauty and originality that Captain Molyneux cancelled orders placed with other firms, took the Ascher prints, and has used them in his collections ever since.

Technical difficulties were enormous; for instance, it was found that in order to keep Topolski's fine line drawings intact the litho method was best, whereas subjects of bolder conception, such as wash drawings, could only be satisfactorily reproduced by screen printing. In order to keep the artist's original conception it has been necessary to carry out a series of separate printings on yard squares. These have been used by Molyneux in his export trade.

I have seen the new collection and the colourings are almost incredibly lovely in spite of the wartime dyes. New designs include "French Fifi," a delightfully sketchy poodle on a background of duck-egg blue, soft beigy-browns and all the pastel range. Another deceptive pattern is a baby elephant's head, rather like Dumbo, on the same range of spun fabrics. Many of the designs deceive the eye; one looks like hand-writing, but is not. Others look like leaves or strange animals.

In contrast with these a whole range of old blocks which were used for chintz about one hundred years ago, are now produced on various spun and crepes.

Not only from a fashion point of view, but when it comes to the question of export these new textiles are going to be of considerable importance to us.

END

Pomeroy serves Beauty

"Is she not more than painting can express
Or youthful poets fancy when they love."
Nicholas Rowe.

JEANNETTE POMEROY BEAUTY PRODUCTS
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SKIN FOOD · BEAUTY MILK · CLEANSING CREAM · DAY CREAM
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In the forefront on the War fronts

A Corporal writes from France:

"I was a member of a British Armoured Car Regiment which used your cars in the Second Front . . . I am writing this letter as an appreciation of the fine standard of workmanship put into your cars . . . Before becoming a commander, I was a driver mechanic and so know something of the strain put to your car and would like to state that they stood up to the strain of active service very well."

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"MAKE DO—
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Fairy Dyes

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Baby deserves the best! And when it's a question of Squares, the best are undoubtedly Harringtons—used and advised by Maternity Homes and Nurses as the lightest and most absorbent "nappies." No chafing or irritation. Easy to wash. Remember, too, Harringtons Square Protectors to prolong the life of your Squares, and Harringtons Baby Soap and Powder for baby's tender skin.

Harringtons Face and Bath Towels, Cot Pads, Feeders, Bibs, Washing Squares, etc., cannot be supplied at present as the Board of Trade will not allow us to use Hygienic Gauze for these lines.

Launder all Harringtons goods you are fortunate enough to have, with greatest care to make them last as long as possible—supplies are very limited today.

HARRINGTONS (LONDON) LTD.
(late of Cheapside),
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THE BEST FOR BABY

Milk of Magnesia (Regd.) *Tablets*

By effectively correcting acidity, 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets give prompt relief from indigestion. They are convenient to carry and may be taken as required.

Recommended by Members of the Medical Profession.

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How to prepare strained vegetables
when you can't get Brand's Baby Foods

No. 1. CARROTS

1 Choose large but not coarse carrots, with a good deep colour. Cut in thick slices and simmer for 1 hour. Add only enough water to keep from sticking.

2 When finished cooking, drain and press through a fine sieve. The carrot purée should be very fine and free from any roughness.

3 Sieved vegetables, such as carrots and spinach, may be given to baby when he is five months old—a few teaspoonfuls before the two o'clock feed. At six months, the two o'clock feed can consist entirely of strained vegetables, with milk to drink. Unfortunately, the demand for Brand's Baby Foods is greater than the supply. But when you can't get Brand's, you can prepare vegetables for your baby at home.

Cut out this recipe for future reference.

BRAND'S BABY FOODS *prepared by the makers of* **Brand's Essence of Chicken**

Strained Carrots, Spinach, Prunes; also Bone and Vegetable Broth, 7½d. a bottle.

TO the student of heraldry the coat of arms of the Pharmaceutical Society conveys the age-old history of drugs and medicaments. To the chemist it symbolizes the lore of pharmacy through the years and the imprint on his certificate indicates his efficiency. To the general public it guarantees a service that is a vital part of the country's health organization.

Ask your chemist's opinion of

Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE

How To Spend Your Holiday

(*Continued from page 42*)

see neglected friends, to indulge in a pet hobby, to make long-thought-of excursions, to catch up with all the odds and ends for which one has never seemed to have enough time.

It is never too early to make one's holiday plans and arrangements. Inevitably, the question arises as to the desirability of a spring, summer or autumn holiday . . . each season has its own pros and cons. August is likely to be hot—but it MAY be rainy and, certainly, will be crowded everywhere; that, however, will please those who are gregarious. May and June are exquisite holiday months in the country; likely, perhaps, to be cold for sea-bathing. September seems late in the year altogether . . . and yet so often produces a wonderful Indian summer of sunshine. Perhaps July is the safest, all-round bet.

Lessons in self-sufficiency, learnt from the ardours of wartime travel, should not be forgotten, and will probably be applicable for a long time to come, no matter what happens. The lack of restaurant cars, the inadequacy of railway refreshment rooms, have taught all travellers to supply themselves with sufficient food for long-distance journeys. A stay in a hotel requires the provision of one's own towels and soap. Luggage, for one's own sake, must be light and easy to handle and carry. Rooms should always be reserved beforehand, since the unheralded and unexpected arrival is seldom likely to find any available accommodation.

As regards a choice of days for travelling, it is worth almost any sacrifice to avoid Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays—when the wear and tear of a journey may well be such as to make one wish that one had never left home!

END

Books

(*Continued from page 41*)

but a Pole would wish to change an ardent mistress into a dutiful wife!" She is one of those *American* women (British matrons, please note) who attract men so irresistibly that they just have to be applied like lipstick—nonchalantly, with detachment. Ariel, in surrender, has no illusions, no regrets, but always wit and sympathetic understanding. She has the body as well as the sparkle of vintage champagne, and is for sophisticated connoisseurs only. A civilized book, with a poignantly tragic climax.

MISS MARITTA WOLFF'S "The Sighing of the Heart" (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) is also U.S.—the 440-pp. story of two sisters: one a careworn Martha with three children to care for, and a husband in a mental hospital, who runs a rooming house in a poor quarter and works for a racketeering Greek restaurateur; the other a "good time" night club queen. It has the straight-from-life touch, with immense detail, which pleases readers who like to live in a book for a week—or a month.

OUR old friends Berry & Co. face up to the war in Mr. Dornford Yates's "The House That Berry Built" (Ward, Lock, 9s. 6d.), being obliged to vacate their vast new dream villa in the Pyrenees, leaving for souvenir in its foundations Berry's illuminated testimonial to adorable wife Daphne. How touching! Boy Pleydell marries Jill, and there is byplay with a mysterious murder. The Old Firm still stands for good, clean fun which not even a world war can suppress. Whenever Berry opens out I take a deep breath and hold tight. What a man! When he refers to "the malignant and evil-smelling ruminant, so painfully reminiscent of one's nearer relatives," I gladly echo Daphne's: "Say that bit about the ruminant again." Where the Berrys are concerned, Mr. Yates can go on saying it again and again; I shall not tire.

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers:—

"A Dictionary of R.A.F. Slang" by Eric Partridge (Michael Joseph, 6s.). As complete as any dictionary of a constantly expanding vocabulary can be. Will take its place among indispensable books of its kind.

"Ploughman's Folly" by Edward Faulkner (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.). The revolutionary ideas of this American author on the management of the soil are sure to cause wide controversy in this country.

"In the Country" A book of poems by J. H. B. Reed (C. A. Watts, 5s.).

"You and Your Ships" and other verse by B. Montague Scott (Hutchinson, 5s.).

"A General Speaks" by Vincent Buchanan (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.). A comedy thriller with some grim episodes. Highly entertaining and full of exciting action.

"Princess Fitz" by Winifred Carter (Selwyn & Blount, 9s. 6d.). A novel about the lovely Mrs. Fitzherbert and George Prince of Wales, afterwards the Regent and finally George IV.

"The Weir" by Ruth Moore (Rich & Cowan, 9s.). A first novel written with a skill and artistry that will be appreciated by the discriminating reader.

"Good Luck and Good-bye" by Irene Heath. The story of a journey in a small Dutch freighter across the Atlantic by a woman and her two young daughters when the U-boat menace was at its worst.

In the short notice of "Ursula Takes Over" which appeared in the February issue, the name of the author was given as Denis Archer, whereas it should read: by Jessie May Burt.

END

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 24*)

managed to quell a revolt. On his return he was faced by further trouble in Byzantium; so he ordered a general massacre. Proud of this butchery he went on to Rome to celebrate the tenth year of his reign.

HE staged a spectacular triumphal procession that ended in an absurd masquerade. The latter was composed of groups of people representing prisoners of every barbaric nation in native costume. At the head of each group was a man impersonating their respective kings, loaded with chains. When the Persian group appeared and the actor disguised as King Sapore was seen marching in this fashion, a general roar of mirth went up, for the real Sapore still held captive the Emperor Valerianus.

Certain witty souls could not refrain from breaking into the ranks of bogus Persians and asking which was Valerianus! This shaft of sarcasm cost them their lives, as it turned out. A few days later, while the festivities were still in progress, the culprits were burned alive in the Circus, by Gallienus' order—a revolting spectacle which nauseated even the hardened Roman populace.

Salonina, meanwhile, had for some time been fearing that she would be repudiated in favour of Pipara. But nothing of the sort happened. No marriage took place, and strangely enough there were no complaints from Attalus. It seemed as though Pipara was resigned to the inferior position of a concubine.

This had the effect of renewing Salonina's courage. She began to feel tempted to compete with her rival. Many gorgeous robes, previously rejected (*Continued on page 66*)

Jane's always bright and healthy!

Playtime dirt gets no chance to harm her health. Mum depends on Lifebuoy to wash away the germs with the dirt. She keeps home and family well protected against those risks to health.

Lifebuoy *is more than a good soap —it's a good habit!*

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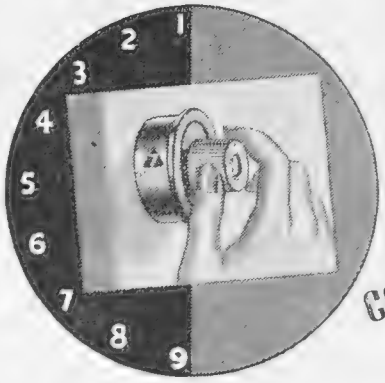

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With the Regulo New World, precision cooking is assured with no more effort than tuning in a station on your radio. The up-to-the-minute word for it *might* be "Regulo-location"! A simple turn of the Regulo enables you to locate, and maintain, the *correct* oven temperature needed for every cooking requirement. In more than two million homes they leave the cooking to the Regulo every day—*and it never lets them down.*

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THE PIONEER COOKER WITH AUTOMATIC OVEN-HEAT CONTROL

It is likely to be some time before

CHIVERS Olde English MARMALADE

is available again. When it is, the good news will be announced in this paper.

Till then, buy any marmalade or jam bearing the CHIVERS label—they are surprisingly good for war-time, being made by a firm with a reputation for high-quality food products.

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The Orchard Factory
HISTON · CAMBRIDGE

In normal times the best shops have '66'. Supplies are, however, now strictly limited.

VALSTAR LTD., SALFORD 6, LANCS.
Also at 314 Regent Street, London, W.1

SYMPTOMS OF THE MENOPAUSE

(Change of Life)

Frequently the first symptom experienced by women approaching the Menopause is that of **"Hot Flushes of the Face and Neck,"** but there are many others, often more difficult to distinguish because of their similarity to ordinary health disturbances, therefore women between 40-50, troubled with any of these signs are, if anxious, advised to consult their doctor. Some of the more usual of these symptoms are:

"Nerves," Giddiness, Palpitation, Headaches, Ear Noises, Insomnia, "Pins and Needles," Sudden Obesity, Itching, etc.

MENOPAX

is an up-to-date medicine for such conditions prescribed by doctors.

Obtainable in two sizes only—5/7½ and 11/3—from most chemists.

An interesting book **"The Crisis in a Woman's Life,"** dealing with the symptoms of the Menopause, may be obtained on request from most chemists, or sent for 3d. in stamps by—

Clinical Products Ltd., 23u Thames House 2 The Green, Richmond, Surrey

To ensure plentiful supplies of eggs, it is wise to preserve some when hens are laying well. Best for this purpose is Goodall's Water Glass mixed as directed on the tin. Stand eggs on end in very deep vessel and cover to a depth of two inches above last layer. Fresh eggs, well covered with Goodall's Water Glass, will keep in good condition for over a year.

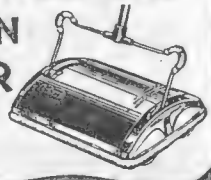
Made by the makers of "YORKSHIRE RELISH" Goodall, Backhouse & Co. Ltd., Leeds

WATER GLASS 14

Unobtainable today but when victory is ours

Ewbank

CARPET SWEEPERS WILL AGAIN BE AT YOUR SERVICE.



"Such a lot of women worry unnecessarily at 'certain' times. If they would only take Cephos the same as I do they would be relieved of all the pain and worry." Cephos is the prescription of an eminent Harley Street Physician, and may be taken by anyone without fear. Not only does it soothe the nerves but also assists the natural function during these times. Cephos does not affect the heart. Sold everywhere in Tablet or Powder form. 8 Powders or 16 Tablets 1/3. 21 Powders or 42 Tablets 3/-. Single dose 2d. Including Purchase Tax.

Cephos REGD

Pronounced See-foss

THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY.

because of their immodesty, were brought forth again. Hairdressers were summoned and given leave to indulge their fancy and their artistry. Young and beautiful as she still was, the Empress stood every chance of ousting the blonde Pipara who was massive rather than graceful.

This revival of feminine vanity on the part of Salonina was noted with joy by all who loved her. It soon became noised throughout Rome. A rush of merchants to the Palatine was the natural result, all begging permission to display finery of all kinds to the Empress.

Amongst these there was a jeweller who brought out of his pouch a magnificent collection of diamonds and precious stones. Salonina was so enchanted that she bought a number of the jewels and willingly paid the high price demanded. Proud of her purchases, she showed them to her friends at court. Careful examination then revealed that most of the biggest and best-set stones were false. Deeply annoyed by this deception she ordered the immediate arrest of the jeweller and ordered that he should be thrown to the wild beasts in the arena.

ON the appointed day the amphitheatre was filled with an eager multitude all waiting to see the infamous rascal play his role as the final "titbit" of the spectacle. When the moment came, the culprit was dragged into the arena and tied to a stake right in front of the gate from which the beasts issued from their dens. The attendants left him there alone, moaning and trembling with terror. The herald gave the signal with his trumpet, and while the gate was slowly raised the audience could hear the shouts of the *bestiarii* and the swish of their whips inciting the animals to fury. Then, all of a sudden—from the dark opening of the den came a cockerel, flapping its wings, evidently thrown by someone inside, which floundered right into the face of the condemned man. He gave a piercing shriek and fainted.

There was a moment of suspense; then a herald appeared to announce that the Empress's order had been carried out—namely, the punishment of one trick by another.

The entire circus was filled with roars of laughter as the miserable wretch, not yet aware how lucky he was, was borne away still unconscious.

Hopes of seeing Valerianus return were shattered by his death in captivity. Not long afterwards Rome gave proof that her patience, unlike her foundations, was not eternal, and could not stand the crazy misrule of Gallienus any longer. He was barely thirty-three when, in a military camp, a small group of officers banded together to effect his dispatch. Salonina became a widow, Pipara was given a safe conduct to her paternal home, and Rome heaved a sigh of relief.

END

Classic Sweater

(Continued from page 43)

opening. Work 54 sts. (place the other 49 sts. on spare needle).

Work on the first 54 sts. for 3 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next neck edge row, then work ½ in. at same time dec. 1 st. every row at the same edge, until 33 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 11 sts. at beg. of next 3 armhole edge rows. Return to the 54 sts. on spare needle and work to correspond.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 78 sts. Work 1 in. k. 1, p. 1. Change to No. 10 needles, inc. 1 st. at beg. of next row (79 sts.). Work in patt. for 4 rows. Then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 4th row following until 95 sts. Work without further shaping until 5 ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 1 st. at beg. of every row until 47 sts. remain. Cast off.

BACK BUTTONCATCH

With No. 12 needles, cast on 10 sts. Rib 4 rows k. 1, p. 1. Make buttonhole. Work 3, cast off 4, work 3. **Next row.**—Work 3, cast on 4. Work 3. Make 1 more buttonhole 1¼ in. apart, working 2¾ in. ribbing.

NECK RIBBING

With No. 12 needles, cast on 130 sts. Rib ½ in., k. 1, p. 1. Make buttonhole. Rib 3 sts., cast off 4 sts. Rib to end of row.

Next row.—Rib back to the cast-off sts. Cast on 4 sts. Rib 3 sts. Work another ½ in. Cast off in rib on the wrong side.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up the side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on buttoncatch. Sew on neck ribbing. Work buttonholes. Sew on buttons. Press all seams.

END

Fair Isle Bolero

(Continued from page 43)

Fair Isle patt. All in st.st. as follows:—

[**Note:** m. = main colour; c. = contrast colour.]

1st row.—2 m., * 4 c., 1 m., 4 c., 3 m.; rep. from * ending 2 m. (instead of 3 m.).

2nd row.—3 c., * 2 m., 3 c., 2 m., 5 c.; rep. from * ending 3 c. (instead of 5 c.).

3rd row.—5 m., * 3 c., 9 m.; rep. from * ending 3 c., 5 m.

4th row.—1 c., * 11 m., 1 c.; rep. from * to end.

5th row.—2 c., * 9 m., 3 c.; rep. from * ending 9 m., 2 c.

6th row.—1 c., * 3 m., 1 c.; rep. from * to end.

7th row.—3 m., * 1 c., 5 m.; rep. from * ending 1 c., 3 m.

8th row.—2 m., * 1 c., 2 m., 3 c., 2 m., 1 c., 3 m.; rep. from * ending 2 m. (instead of 3 m.).

9th row.—1 m., * 1 c., 2 m., 2 c., 1 m., 2 c., 2 m., 1 c., 1 m.; rep. from * to end.

10th row.—As 6th row. **11th row.**—As 9th row. **12th row.**—As 8th row. **13th row.**—As 7th row. **14th row.**—As 16th row. **15th row.**—As 5th row. **16th row.**—As 4th row. **17th row.**—As 3rd row. **18th row.**—As 2nd row. **19th row.**—As 1st row.

Work 2 rows in main colour in st.st. Change to contrast colour. Work 2 rows rib. **. Change to main colour and continue in rib for 2 ins. Now rep. from ** to **. (This should bring work to measure 8 ins. from the cast-on edge.) Continue in main colour and rib.

SHAPE ARMHOLES (wrong side of work facing).

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. in every row until 55 sts. and 2 ins. from beg. of armhole shaping. Rep. again from ** to **. *At the same time* dec. 1 st. at the front edge every 4th row until 46 sts. remain. Change to main colour and rib. Continue the front shaping every alternate row until there are 32 sts. and armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows.

LEFT FRONT

Work as for the right front with the shaping at the opposite side.

EDGING

With No. 12 needles, cast on 6 sts. with contrast colour. Rib in k. 1, p. 1, to go round the lower edge of fronts and the back of neck. Cast off.

Work 2 edgings to go round the lower edge of each sleeve. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press on the wrong side with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew edging all round jacket. Sew edging to sleeves. Press all seams.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; s. = slip; st. or sts. = stitch or stitches; dec. = decrease or decreasing; inc. = increase or increasing; beg. = beginning; c. = contrast; m. = main; rep. = repeat; patt. = pattern.

END

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BORWICK'S SAVOURY PIE

4 ozs. flour, 1 teaspoon Borwick's Baking Powder, Salt, 1 dried egg, ½ pint milk.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt into a basin. Make a well in the centre. Reconstitute the egg, beat well and stir into flour. Add milk by degrees, beat well till batter is smooth. Leave 15 mins. Grease a pie dish and place pieces of left-over meat in it, cut into neat pieces. Sprinkle in one minced onion and mixed herbs, season well. Cover with strips of bread and repeat process until the dish is filled, spread top with dripping, moisten with stock. Pour the batter over, bake in moderate oven 45 mins.

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The Youngsters Appear

(*Continued from page* 25)

male bullfinch which, when leaving home, shows nothing of the gaudy attire that will one day be his; the infant goldfinch, too, is an extremely drab youngster and except for a gold wing-bar might pass for a baby sparrow. As a rule, however, identification of these youngsters is rendered easy because they are seldom found far from their parents.

The baby foxes that lived in the old sandy burrow were charming little creatures and when, early one April morning, I caught a glimpse of them having their breakfast, they were dressed in black woolly coats that bore no resemblance whatever to the golden-red outfit that adorned the vixen. She was indeed a fine specimen of her tribe and as she superintended the morning meal looked the very personification of motherly pride and devotion. From where I stood I was unable to identify what that meal consisted of, but later on a closer inspection of the "earth" revealed a rabbit skin and the legs and wings of a fowl—obviously the remains of recent victims.

Rabbits are an important item of the fox's dietary, many of them being pulled out of snares. Nevertheless, the fox is fleet of foot and could easily run a rabbit down. Countless numbers of baby rabbits are pounced upon unawares, and many litters are dug up out of their underground nurseries, for although the mother rabbit carefully hides her family and never lies with them for security reasons, the keen nose of the cunning Reynard is not easily foiled.

END

American Ambassador

(*Continued from page* 19)

birthday an' that's why he come in she says: "But how sweet. I must kiss you for your mother," an' right there she does.

It was that doubled with the brandy done it, sir. That's sure some likker. I've had some so I know. The old lady says it come from her grandfather's cellar, made by a guy Napoleon, number 1805 some street I don't catch. It smells grand an' goes down like oil an' at first you think maybe it's got no wallop. Then the glow comes stealin' up right to your hair an' you feel like you got wings. Well, with the kiss on top o' that, Billin'ston can't take it. When he gets up to go he's right tanglefooted an' in no fit state to drive no loaded No. 3 six-wheel truck.

He's pulled on the verge so as not to block the road an' has to back to swing her out. He backs too hard an' her rear gets down the slope. She's got seven ton o' caterpillar tracks on board. He gets excited, fumbles his brake an' she takes charge, busts back through the hedge and full bat down the bank an' wrecks the cottage.

His face tells me it's serious an' I grab a motor bike to go an' see.

He's sure done a job. The place looks like an egg crate that a cow's sat on. These here old mee-di-evval cott'ges are framed in oak as big as bridge-timbers, filled in with lath an' plaster panels. The corner posts are two foot square an' Billin'ston's took one out, clean as a tooth. The others is all spraddled out, wreckin' the rooms, one end o' the roof is on the ground an' there's a big hole open to the sky where the ridge is broke. It's a rebuildin' job alright.

The women is there packin' things into a taxi. Like always, the old lady's real nice to me. She says it's an accident might happen to any one. The grief is nothin' to what the Londoners an' Poles an' Greeks has to put up with. She's goin' to find a boardin' house in town an' everythin' will be okay. One thing she asks: could we find transport to move the furniture to store because it can't be got quick by her account of war restrictions?"

The sergeant looked the Colonel in the eyes. "That I promise in the Colonel's name, sir, also that we'll see her stuff protected from the weather till we move it. She's quite satisfied.

But Mary—that's the girl, sir, you'd 'a thought it was me (*Continued on page* 68)

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done the wreckin'. "I knew the minute I set eyes on you you was bad luck," she says. "You're worse than the Germans. If they come around we could shoot 'em."

I tell her dignified: "Any damage done by the U.S. Army will be fully compensated, you can count on that."

"Compensation," she says. "You'll never compensate for this." She give a warnin' look and drops her voice. "Come away an' I'll tell you why."

WE stroll out of earshot an' she tells me, an' what I hear makes me sick.

Well, sir, I rush back here for half a dozen men an' two big tarps to cover the place in case it rains. Comin' back, first off I mean to report what's happened to Lootenant Kosky. But then I rec'lect the Colonel's lecture 'bout reg'mental spirit an' no one must never let the outfit down.

To handle this official the Colonel will have to report how come, an' word'll go round the Army how this outfit can't drive their trucks no better than let 'em run wild down a bank an' smash up houses, an' will we get the laugh. An' anyway, money compensation won't do no good after what Mary told me. That ain't what's wanted. An' if the Army does rebuild it'll take a dog's age before they get around to it an' that won't help none either. What we got to have is action, prompt, partic'lar and private.

An' then I think of all that dough of Billin'ston's. After all, he wrecks the place. Why shouldn't he fix it. So I send for him an' say: "I take it you'd do anything you can to fix this mess you made?"

"I sure would," he says. "I feel terrible. That old lady's been jus' like a mother to me. I wrote home an' told ma so."

"An' you handle your own money."

"Oh yes. I got plenty money. I—I offered her some to pay the damage but she jus' smiled an' patted my hand."

"Awright," I say. "You can fix it. You're due some pass. Take it an' this is what you got to do. An' don't come back before you done it even if you go over the hill for A.W.O.L. afterwards."

"I will," he says. "If it can be done I'll do it, so help me."

He gets his pass okay an' off he goes. Then while he's gone the highball comes the outfit's movin' in a week. That clinches it. If anythin's goin' to be done by us, it's got to be immediate.

In three days Billin'ston gets back. He's got good news—up to a point. But it's long way from bein' what we want an' to fix it right, that's the problem. An' this is Friday an' the outfit moves on Tuesday. First off, don't see no way we can fix the harm we done to the old lady how it ought to be.

But I rec'lect the Colonel's lecture 'bout overcomin' obstacles. "In our own line o' work there ain't nothin' on earth this outfit can't pull off," the Colonel said. "We got A1 specialists of every kind an', so they give us the proper gear, if its rock, dirt, sand, or water, we can lick it. So don't never let me hear no man of you say 'can't'."

So, on the basis that we get the job to do, I start to think, an' by an' by I get the notion. It ain't in our line exac'ly but I figure if we want to we can do it okay. But to get the chance is something else again.

The Colonel can't do no such job official. I know that. An' if he could, we're leavin' Tuesday. By the time I can get to put the case an' its been passed on we'll be gone. Then I think I'll tell Lootenant Kosky but I figure again no officer couldn't do nothing without reportin' first and that comes to the same.

In the end I figure it adds up to one of them breaks not anticipated by reg'lations an' which makes orders null an' void. My dooty is if I can to fix this jam in the spirit an' intention in which compensation reg'lations was got out. An' that spirit an' intention is that no old lady what's been a mother to American soldiers don't suffer none on account one halfbaked Joe what's got too much money can't take his likker an' his women.

But I can't do no job like this alone, that's sure. It'll take plenty men, an' keen ones. So I get the senior noncoms together an' put it to 'em. I give 'em all the angles an' they agree right off unanimous. Then they talk it over with their men an' almost every one okays. That's Friday night. An' Sunday is our own, with no parades.

Saturday aft'noon Sergeant Clancy takes out a survey party an' some of us stay up all night cookin' the routine an' schedules from the notes he brings. This has to be a one-day real high-pressure, streamline operation, an' we plan by minutes.

Well, sir, I don't need to tell the Colonel how when the duty off'cer comes round on Sunday mornin' he finds most o' the outfit gone with a lot of heavy gear an' no one that was left knows anythin'.

We been at work an hour by then, havin' left camp in the small hours without breakfast. The men go at it like a bunch of terriers. They don't have a bite all day for fear you'd find out where we was, sir, an' by four o'clock it's done and I'm at the old lady's boardin' house persuadin' her to take a drive.

Y'see sir, what Mary tells me is the old lady ain't goin' to live more'n nine months or so, she's got one of them diseases. She used to be rich but all them English landowners like her has lost their money. Her husban' is killed in the last war an' what cash she has she spends educatin' all her sons like him. She has to mortgage the place to do it an' when they've all left home she lets the banks take it an' buys this cottage. She makes the garden all herself the way she wants it—it's a copy of what's called the dowager's pleasaunce in the old place, sir. Then this disease comes on her an' she's dyin' there in comfort when we come along an' drive her into some hash-house.

Reg'lation compensation will be cash an' won't be no good to her, sir. An' with the time things like that take in England now, neither won't rebuilding. What she wants is her own place, quiet an' private, right from now on to die in.

So what I tell Billin'ston is to get out an' find another mee-di-evval cottage an' buy it for her. What's money for? Well, he finds a cottage, pretty nice, not far away, an' bids so high for it the owner has to call him. But it's got no garden, not to stach up with the old lady's. An' that's half the point, that garden, what she's made herself the way she wants it an' where she works an' walks in while she can. What time she has to live will be all wrong without it.

THERE'S only one way to have it right, sir, an' I an' the guys, we do it. First off, I think we'll wreck the old place an' move the new house over, but when I come to case the job I see that's out. It ain't no frame house like in America, where you can jack her up, shove a crib under an' roll her away. It's built to these oak timbers set up separate five feet in the groun', an' movin' it will be slow an' heavy. We can do it okay—this outfit can move anythin'—but not in nothin' like the time.

But there's another way an' I figure we can pull it off. We got the gear an' we got the man can handle it. We got guys knows dirt like a drunk knows likker. We even got lan'scape gardeners an' tree surgeons on the roll. My guess is we can do it, an' when I put it to the guys they all agree an' volunteer sir, an' we pick who we want an' the others promise to keep mum. We lay on every man's got room to work, with relays to step right in when they get tired, an' we move the garden sir. We jus' cut her up in chunks, pluck 'em up outa the groun' an' haul 'em over to the new place where by then the cut's all ready for'em.

American Ambassador

There's a bit o' scrubby garden there dug out of a slopin' meadow makin' a bank at the back. I send an excavator, a scraper an' a ditcher over. We take off the turf an' cut the meadow back to get the space we want. The dirt we bank over on the nor'east for a win'-break, coverin' it with the turf. Soon as the groun' is clear the gang starts markin' out from Clancy's survey, an' by the time they got the places cut out ready for 'em the first loads are comin' in all numbered.

AT the old house we cut a six-foot trench all down one side to work from an' cut in from there. We take the hedges out in blocks, board each block, an' lash it tight, sling it an' pick it up with a No. 4 crane an' dump it on a flat-truck. The shrubs and orchard trees we do the same, sir, one by one, just as they are, an' hardly touch a root. We take up the lawns an' grass-walks an' the stone an' brick-walks an' reset 'em. We take the plants, not individual to spoil 'em, but in blocks, all growin. We lash flat trucks back to back, one towin' the other, lift 'em with two cranes an' take the tool-shed, summer house, henhouses an' greenhouse. The soil we take outa the new place we haul back over to the old, fill up an' level over. By four o'clock the job is done, sir. O' course, the lawns an' hedges look a little ragged. But by the time they been mown and clipped a time or two they'll be okay.

It ain't no San Francisco Bridge nor Boulder Dam, sir, but the Colonel'll never see a sweeter bit of dirt-hoggin', not nowhere. Survey, specif'cations, schedules an' the job, sir, done sprang in t'irteen workin' hours from start to finish an' without a bite o' chow, an' the guys work like demons. You'll never see 'em work no harder, sir, not if it was so to save their lives, an' all for a little old lady should die nice the way she wanted to. I'm proud of 'em.

While we're workin' I get Mary over an' she bosses a gang to move the furniture.

When I drive the old lady over and she sees, she breaks down, sir, an' you can tell what dyin' in that boardin' house has really meant to her. We come away.

Them's the fac's, sir, [illegible] responsible. If what I done was mut'ny, I'll take what's comin' to me an' not squawk. But I ain't prepared to say I'm sorry, sir."

Sergeant Shapiro closed his mouth.

The Colonel sat motionless gazing at his boots. He sat for so long that everyone began to fidget. Three times he opened his mouth to speak but his thoughts died unvoiced and he shut it again. Then at last he took his feet down, swung his chair round and sat up straight. His face assumed its most official look.

"Sergeant," he said, "your case is made. Any criticisms I might make would be invalid in the fact of your results. Your interpretation of your orders and your judgment are entirely vindicated. The charges are quashed. This afternoon you will drive me to give my compliments to this lady and see your work. Dismiss."

Sergeant Shapiro did not move. Instead he stood with one hand picking at his trouser seam.

"Well?" said the Colonel.

The sergeant gulped. "Er—permission to marry after the reg'lation wait, please, sir."

"Good Lord. Beside all this you've had time for courting?"

"Well, not exactly sir. It's this girl I been tellin' you about."

"But you said she was Billin'ston's girl."

"Oh no, sir. He was just bugs about her. I got the Colonel's orders 'bout cultivatin' goodwill an' understandin' with the inhabitants, sir, an' when I find how set she is against Americans I see my dooty. I work on her every chance I get an'—an' this is how it come out, sir."

END

1.4.45

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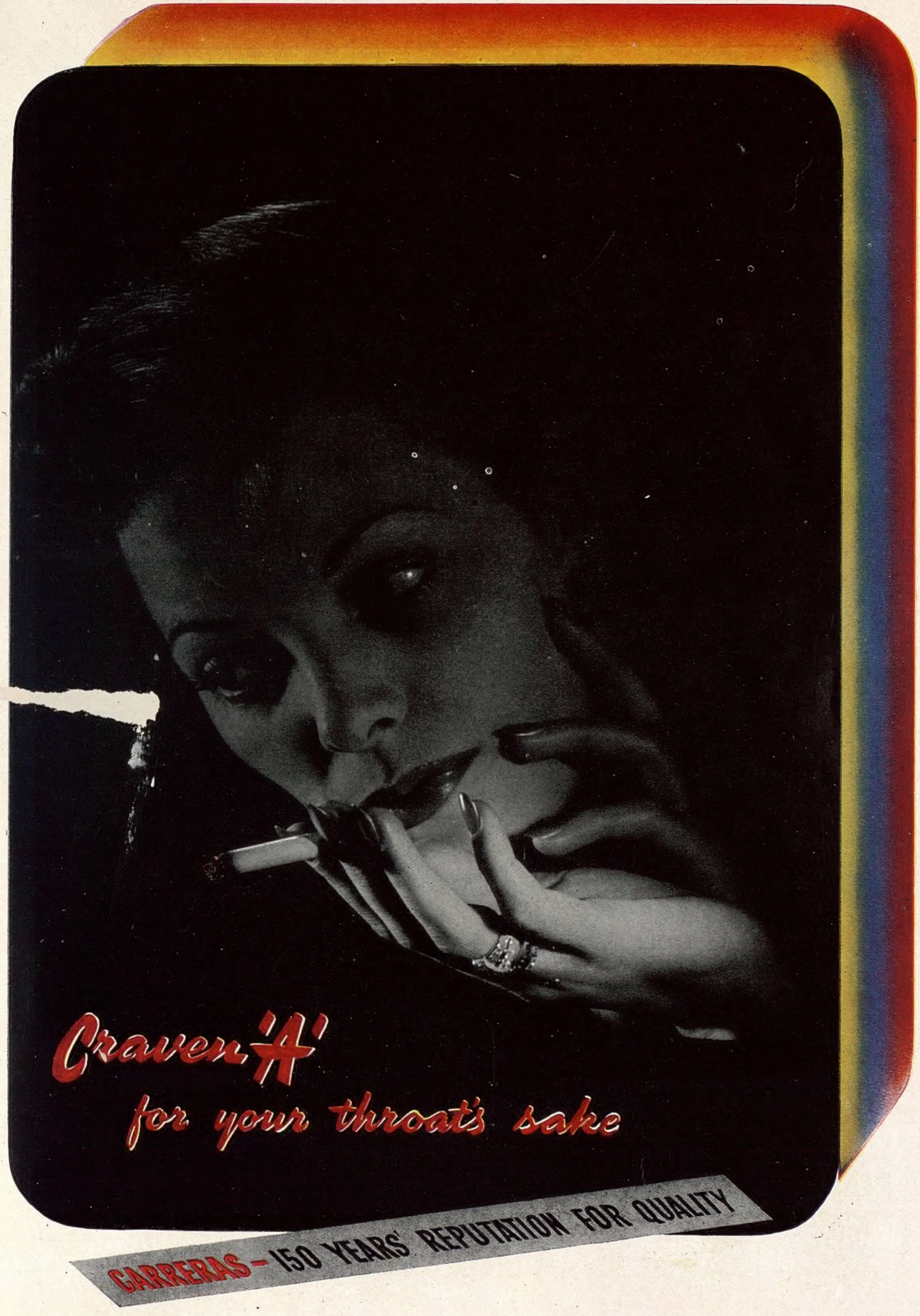
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